Why Do They Sell Out? by Robert Forsythe

NEW MASSES

FEBRUARY 22, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

The Active Search for Peace

THE PROGRESSIVES GET TOGETHER

By Congressmen Byron N. Scott and Jerry J. O'Connell

England and American Security

THE REDCOATS ARE COMING

By Theodore Draper

Akron—Where Unity Is Real

by Bruce Minton

The Guild Scores Again

by J. P. Dallas and Ellen McGrath

Drawings and Cartoons by **William Gropper, Gardner Rea, John Heliker, Colin Allen, A. Ajay Ned Hilton, George Price, Scott Johnston, Haile Hendrix, Ad Reinhardt, Joe Bartlett**

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The Situation of New

"I have only one dollar. It is yours."

THIS IS HOW much New Masses means to one of the 438 readers who have responded in inspiring fashion to the appeal for funds to keep New Masses from going under.

New Masses is not ours. It is yours. It belongs, not to its editors, its contributors, its staff. It belongs to the progressive movement. It is your mouthpiece in the struggle for a better world.

It can do only as much as you, its readers, decide it shall do. Our strength reflects your strength. It is yours not just to read, but to support. Not for our sake. For *your* sake. For the sake of the thousands of other readers besides yourself who need New Masses more today than ever before.

Four hundred and thirty-eight readers have understood this responsibility. They have sent all they could. It is not fair that a few should shoulder the burden alone. They have a right to demand that you do your part, to the full limit of your ability. Read some of these excerpts from their letters. Could you think of letting these people down?

This $5 is sent for N. M. He is 83 and an invalid, so he cannot do much. He knows that your troubles are caused by your being 100 years ahead of your times.

Can you at 23, or 33, or 43, do less than this?

Here's two bucks. The new literary dept. is swell. If you put in a Theater Section I'll send another contribution. Money is the best kind of sympathy New Masses can get. —W. W.

Your contribution will help towards the theater section. . . . And another contribution from Walter W. Let your sympathy begin with a capital $.

The "Widow's Mite" enclosed represents one-fourth of the cash I have on hand. . . . I would not send anything at all if it were not for the fact New Masses is putting up such a battle for the common people. . . . From now on you will not have to *ask* me for contributions. —R. H.

Will you take the responsibility if New Masses is obliged to desert its "battle for the common people"?

Here's $10. I hope the New Masses continues. Quite aside from whether I like its ideas or not, I think it a good thing to have such ideas brought into the open for full, frank discussion.
—A Professor of Education.

Will you, who *do* like New Masses ideas, cut off this chance to present them to honest friends who may be convinced over a period of time?

Here's my check for $2. I couldn't do without the Masses. I only wish that this little check, *all I can possibly send,* had at least two more ciphers at the end.
—K. H.

Are you willing that K.H. should go without New Masses—or will you too send *all you can possibly send?*

Here is $10. New Masses is a good magazine now and I am sure will be better yet. We progressive anti-fascist workers need a journal like New Masses now when some writers, "liberal literary critics," fascists and reactionaries make a "united front" against the "Stalinists." —F. D.

Will you deprive F.D. and his fellow anti-fascist workers of this weapon in their struggle against reactionaries? Will you deprive progressive writers of their most effective outlet?

Just could not picture to myself not being able to get my New Masses at the newsstand every Thursday. Result—the enclosed check contributed by eleven white-collar workers. —D. L.

Are you willing to take the responsibility for future dark Thursdays in the lives of all your fellow-readers who did their part but have to lose New Masses because you didn't do yours?

We can't afford to lose New Masses in these epochal times. Our contributions are nothing compared to the sacrifices the management, the staff, and the leaders of the movement are making. —G. C.

Can *you* afford to be without this only weekly magazine that fights for the things you believe in?

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Masses Is *Critical!*

Just finished reading your appeal, and am glad I have some available cash. . . . As a student and member of the A. S. U., I wish to congratulate you on the swell reportage on the third convention and Joe Lash's article. Keep up the swell work. We need you.
—B. W.

You hear? The students *need* us.

One dollar is a small contribution for the value I am getting out of the New Masses. I wish I could finance the whole works. —F. B.

Could you begin to measure what you owe New Masses by the price of your own subscription? Are you willing to blame yourself if you should suddenly have to do without this weekly stimulus?

I sure am sorry to hear that New Masses has to ask for help. But do not be ashamed to ask. *This is our job.* Those who have to hunt jobs are the ones who must roll up their sleeves and heave to, as the ones who own the jobs don't and won't help. It is up to us!
—C. R. (65 years young.)

C. R. sent five dollars. And we are not ashamed to ask—what are *you* going to do?

I have just opened the February 8th New Masses. I am enclosing a check for $10 with the wish it could be more. *Suspension of the New Masses is unthinkable.*

We agree. Suspension is unthinkable. But it is inevitable unless many times 438 readers show their devotion in a very material way—not tomorrow, not next week, not next month—but NOW.

Now, we are editors, not professional appealers. We want to spend our time planning what to print in the magazine, not how in hell we're going to get the paper to print it on. But that's how it is. We're on a C.O.D. basis for paper and cuts. Unless we have cash-in-advance we can't go to press.

Until we get enough cash-in-advance so that we can be sure we're actually going to press for months ahead, we can't plan features and articles and other improvements to make New Masses the magazine you want it to be—that it must be to fulfill its function in the great united front movement.

And we don't like to use up good editorial energy writing long lectures like this. Nor give up two pages of space that we wanted to use for an important article. We want to attack the Red-baiters, big business, and the war-mongering fascists. Not importune our friends and readers.

But we heard that some of you didn't believe us when we said New Masses might actually not come out the next week unless you helped.

New Masses has improved tremendously of late. It has a literary section. It talks about a theater section. Perhaps this fooled you.

These improvements cost money, but they make no decisive difference in our financial status. But such improvements are what makes the New Masses indispensable. We must keep them up. We must make more. We must increase our circulation. We must be able to plan every issue to fit the needs of the moment, not the limitations of the cash box.

We assure you that all we've said is true. New Masses belongs to you. We owe you the truth, but you must recognize it.

We know there are dozens of demands on your purse. We want you to give to Spain, to China, to every worthwhile cause you can possibly support. But in so doing you must not forget your own magazine—your spokesman in the fight right here at home.

As your representatives, we are not ashamed to ask—yes, to *demand* that you send not something, but every single cent you can possibly afford.

Read over some of those letters again. If New Masses should die, it will not be their fault, but yours. You can not, must not, force us to miss a single issue!

The Editors

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHEN Earl Browder was halfway home on the *Aquitania,* we asked him by radio to write us a series of articles on the general questions of war and peace, collective security, etc. He promptly agreed, and informed us that the first article, which will be an answer to Prof. Charles A. Beard, would be ready on his arrival. We plan to begin the series next week.

The general subject will be "Concerted Action or Isolation: Which Is the Path to Peace?" In connection with the series, Browder will conduct a question-and-answer department. Readers will remember his notable series in the NEW MASSES in 1935, "What Is Communism?" which formed the basis of the book of that title.

Another feature in next week's issue will be a profile of Otto J. Schmidt, head of the Great Northern Sea Route, and now in active charge of the rescue of the four Soviet scientists who have been drifting on a polar ice-floe for eight months. The article is by Lev Kassil, author of *The Land of Shvambrania,* published here in 1935 by Viking Press. Kassil has also appeared in *New Writing,* a British publication edited by John Lehmann.

Friends and readers who attended our annual ball last December were unanimous in their praise. Our next ball, to be held April 1 at Webster Hall, promises to be even better. Reserve the date right now.

What's What

PERHAPS it was no more than a coincidence, but no sooner was our last week's issue out, with Robert Stark's article "Japan Fights the Boycott," than the Japanese government came out into the open on this issue. Kazuo Nichi, president of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce of New York, put Tokyo's official seal of approval on the extensive propaganda efforts now being directed in this country to persuade American consumers that they should support the slaughter of Chinese women and children by buying Japanese goods.

The facts given in Stark's article are further documented by the careful investigation which *China Today* has been conducting independently, and which is reported in its current issue by Eugene Schachner.

A number of our readers have been deeply moved by Kensaku Shimaki's story, "From a Japanese Prison," which appeared in our last literary supplement. Typical of the letters received is that by Reney Meyers, who writes:

"I wish to express how deeply I am moved by Kensaku Shimaki's 'From a Japanese Prison.' This is undoubtedly the work of an artist of major caliber, and my letter will, I think, be only one of many similar appreciations. The quality of the translation is very fine, and shows evidence of the most careful and painstaking efforts to recreate the original in English. It is thus very easy to see why it was such a sensation in Japan.

"Throughout the whole, a profound insight and pity is visible, coupled with an extraordinary ability to express in the most piercing way various incidents of the story, minor in themselves, which in their sum have such an inexpressible effect. It is with complete conviction that I say that in Shimaki we have a creative spirit of the most international proletarian significance. Let us have more of him—he is a genius. I woud like to congratulate and thank the NEW MASSES for having made the work of this man available."

Eugene Holmes, who came all the way from Washington, D. C., to attend our night of music, thanks us "for one of the pleasantest evenings I have ever spent. It is not merely a matter of enthusiasm, but really genuine entertainment and the best kind of instruction. . . . It was as nearly a perfect evening as one could want. Everything was grand. . . . Here's to more such evenings, and I can promise a virtual exodus from down this way."

February 19 marks a year since Ben Leider, American Newspaper Guild reporter, was shot down in battle with fascist planes near Madrid. On February 20, friends and members of the Ben Leider Memorial Fund will pay tribute to his memory at a meeting at the New School for Social Research, 66 West 12th Street, New York. Speakers will include Vito Marcantonio, Ruth McKenney, who worked with Leider on the New York *Post,* James Hawthorne, NEW MASSES correspondent recently returned from Spain, and Gustav Regler, German Catholic author and political commissar of the Thaelmann Battalion of the International Brigade. Hanns Eisler, assisted by Mordecai Baumann, will conduct a short musical program. Tickets at one dollar each may be obtained at the Fund offices, Room 301, 20 Vesey Street.

An "Exhibition in Defense of Peace and Democracy," dedicated to the peoples of Spain and China, is being held by the Chicago Artists' Group at 645 North Michigan Avenue. Its sponsors are the American League for Peace and Freedom, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the German-American League for Culture, the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy, and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Many of the artists represented have contributed to the NEW MASSES, among them Julio de Diego, Henry Simon, and Mitchell Siporin. The exhibition closes February 29.

Who's Who

REPRESENTATIVES BYRON N. SCOTT and Jerry J. O'Connell have much in common. They are both Democrats from the West, the former from California, the latter from Montana. They are both leaders of the progressive bloc in Congress. Representative Scott is a member of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House. He is also the author of a comprehensive federally financed housing bill. Representative O'Connell has written for us before. He is the author of "The Challenge of the Special Session," which appeared in our issue of November 23. . . . Sasha Small is editor of the *Labor Defender.* . . . Myra Page was Moscow correspondent of the *Daily Worker.* Her novel, *Moscow Yankee,* was based on her experiences there.

Flashbacks

STUDENTS, soldiers, and workers rushed through the doors of the French Assembly on February 24, 1848, crying, "Down with the regency! Hurrah for the Republic!" King Louis Phillipe was driven out of Paris, everyone over the age of twenty-one was given the vote, and there was much day-dreaming about revolution. Reflecting on the sad sequel to those February days, Marx wrote: "Bourgeois revolutions like those of the eighteenth century speed from success to success; they vie with one another in the luster of their stage effects; men and things seem to be set with sparkling brilliants; every day is filled with ecstasy: but they are short-lived; their climax is soon reached; on the morning after, society has to pass through a long fit of the dumps; and only when that is over can there be a dispassionate assimilation of the achievements of the period of storm and stress. Proletarian revolutions, on the other hand, like those of the nineteenth century, are ever self-critical; they again and again stop short in their progress; retrace their steps in order to make a fresh start; are pitilessly scornful of the half-measures, the weaknesses, the futility of their preliminary essays. It seems as if they have overthrown their adversaries only in order that these might draw renewed strength from contact with the earth, and return to the battle like giants refreshed. Again and again they shrink back appalled before the vague immensity of their own aims. But at long last, a situation is reached whence retreat is impossible, and where the circumstances clamor in chorus:

His Rhodus, his salta!
Here is the rose; dance here!"

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES
FEBRUARY 22, 1938

The Active Search for Peace

By Representatives Byron N. Scott and Jerry J. O'Connell

THIS week a small group of congressmen, including ourselves, met to discuss America's foreign policy. Five of us had already introduced into Congress bills which either amend the present Neutrality Act or provide for non-recognition of aggressor nations. All of us subscribe to the principle that peace is to be achieved only in consultation with other democratic and peace-seeking nations, and that such consultations presuppose a distinction between aggressors and the victims of aggression, between treaty violators and nations which respect treaty obligations.

As a result of our meeting a congressional group is, at long last, actively engaged in the search for peace.

In the face of a grave international situation and of irresponsible rumors about America's foreign policy, our concern was wholly with the problem of peace, peace for the United States, peace for all the world as the only guarantee against America's involvement in war. Seldom have legislators met with so little pride of authorship, so little paternal partiality for their own legislative children. The Scott, Maas, Lewis, Biermann, and O'Connell resolutions were before us. But there was no trace of rivalry in our discussion of these measures. It was our sole aim to bring out of these independent efforts a joint effort which, drawing on the best that was in each of them, would supersede them all and offer to the Congress and the people an effective instrument for peace.

So firmly united in our objective, we readily agreed on a program of action. We decided to petition the House Foreign Affairs Committee for immediate hearings on all five bills, to be considered jointly. We believe that from these hearings one bill will emerge to which we can give our united support. A petition for hearings has already been drafted and will be circulated for signatures at once.

We attach great importance to an inevitable by-product of these hearings. We believe that from them will come a more satisfactory answer to the question, "What is America's foreign policy?" than has been elicited by inquiries in Congress. Under our Constitution the President, the State Department, and the Senate are jointly charged with the conduct of foreign affairs. But they are subject to the greatest of all checks and balances which operate in our democracy—they are subject to the will of the American people. What is the foreign policy of the people, of the workers and farmers, small businessmen, mothers and sons of America? Nobody knows. Perhaps

Darryl Frederick

the people themselves do not yet know. We can be certain of only one thing—all of our people want peace. But there is among them today no unanimity on the all-important question of how peace is to be achieved.

A great nation like ours does not swing overnight from the isolationism of the past eighteen years to a program of concerted effort for peace. But neither does it cling forever to an outworn illusion whose dangers are each day more brutally exposed. American foreign policy is in flux. Not only individuals, but organizations representing millions of individuals, are awakening from the isolationist dream of safety. Some, like the recent Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, have taken the road to collective action and the preservation of peace through economic sanctions against the war-makers. Others are still rubbing the sleep from their eyes, uncertain which way to turn.

What is needed is frank and open discussion. The Ludlow referendum, which gave the people the sole right to declare war, was defeated in the House. But the decision in favor of peace must not be put off until the moment when a formal declaration of war is already on the agenda. Now is the time to decide—now, before it is too late.

We believe that one nation, even a nation so strong and so geographically protected as our own, cannot achieve peace alone. In the modern world it takes only one to make a war. It takes many to make peace. In the task of securing peace it is madness to seek the help of those whose purpose it is to plunge the world into war. In the task of preserving international order and international decency we can look for help only from those who, like ourselves, respect decency and order. Therefore we propose consultations with the great democracies of the world, from which the fascist aggressors are excluded. In the Non-Intervention Committee the democracies of Europe "consulted" with the invaders of Spain. With what result is well known. If Nyon was a more fruitful conference, the reason must be found in Italy's absence.

Consultation with like-minded nations is not synonymous with military alliance, in spite of those who try to make it seem so. Consultation among the signatories to treaties outlawing war as an instrument of national policy is the logical, and peaceful, means of penalizing the treaty violators. None of the bills referred to above advocate military action against aggressor nations, or military alliances for "policing" the world. The hoped-for result of consultations is joint economic action—the simple refusal to do business with international gangsters. We believe that the world's democracies can without danger to themselves or their people decline to exchange the social amenities of recognition with puppet states; decline to sell the instruments of murder to murderers; decline to provide, either through loans, credits, or trade exchange, the blood money without which war cannot be waged. We believe that this kind of concerted economic boycott of war is the way to starve the war-makers into submission to a world-wide will for peace.

Do the American people agree with us? Many do, but their voice is stilled in the press and their newly evolved policy of peace not yet vocal and organized. Many do not—how many is by no means certain. Still others are in doubt—they have the right to more information about the alternatives before they make up their minds.

Public hearings on America's peace policy will clarify the issues. The testimony of competent witnesses will, we feel sure, bring out with new emphasis the extent to which isolationism means armaments and, in the end, war. Fuller discussion than has yet been possible will also explode the myth that collective action and economic penalties mean war.

If they do nothing more than provide the American people with a forum for thoroughly airing their views on foreign policy, hearings before the House Foreign Affairs Committee will have been worth while. We hope that they will do much more—that they will result in legislative proposals which will remove the fear of war from our hearts by bringing nearer the realization of our desire for peace.

A group of congressmen has enlisted in the active search for peace. We urge the American people to join us, that the search may attain its goal.

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England and American Security

By Theodore Draper

BIG BILL THOMPSON used to run away with the Chicago elections by daring King George III (1738-1820) to stand up like a man and fight it out to a finish. Since there were relatively few Redcoats in town at election time, Big Bill never risked anything but a hoarse throat. It was a looney show while it lasted; and the depression made it look silly, at least in retrospect.

Big Bill won his elections but failed to keep his promise, failed miserably. The Redcoats are back. The second British invasion has begun. The enemy has gained a salient in the corridors of Capitol Hill. They are threatening our national interest. They are dragging us into war. Their agent in the White House sends naval appropriation bills to Congress that were practically written by the British admiralty. An American naval officer, sent over to consult with his superiors in London, gave them a mortgage on the fleet.

The whole show has a familiar and melancholy ring. Big Bill is gone, and a professor who ought to know better has replaced him. The new fight is over congressional votes on a navy bill, but Benedict Arnold is still a set-up and King George's minions still hypnotize their not-quite bright American cousins into handing over the marbles.

The bitter truth is that the debate on the most portentous issue before the nation today has degenerated into a Big Bill Thompson extravaganza. Professor Charles A. Beard is a lot more solemn, and Senator Hiram Johnson changes his mind more frequently, but their combined bluster is no sounder than Big Bill's thunderous challenges to King George. They have jumbled the British bogy and the naval appropriation into a big, buzzing confusion. The problem now is to disentangle these issues for independent analysis before putting them all back into some intelligible order and meaning.

First, the Anglo-American problem.

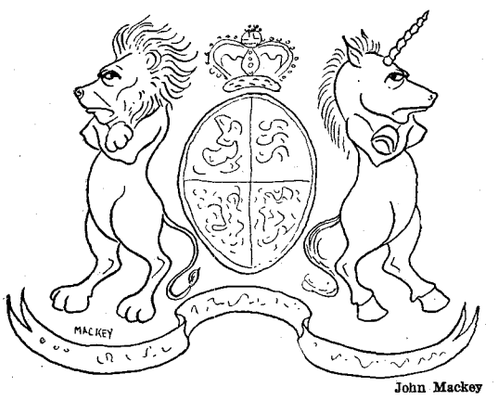
IT IS an undeniable fact that underlying the historical relationship between the two countries has been a profound, basic clash of interest. The Anglophobia of the Beard-Thompson school of politics has its roots in this fundamental reality as well as in the sediment of anti-British sentiment inherited from the first American revolution. The idea that the British have strenuously tried to form an alliance with the United States, especially in respect to the Far East, is folly. The British have been most reluctant, at least until now, to enter into any bloc with the United States. It is hard, if not impossible, to point to a single instance where the British proposed joint action with the United States in the Far East. It is easy to point to several where the United States tried to get British coöperation but was rudely rebuffed.

Former Secretary of State Stimson has written the story of his determined attempt to get joint action with Great Britain against Japan's invasion of Manchuria in 1931. Mr. Stimson, after feeling his way following the opening of hostilities at Mukden on September 18, finally decided to invoke the Nine-Power Treaty. This was at a conference with President Hoover on February 8, 1932, almost five months after the first bombardment. Mr. Hoover agreed and Secretary Stimson conveyed his intentions to the British ambassador on the following day. In order to hasten matters, Mr. Stimson actually telephoned to London on February 11. The then British Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, happened to be in Geneva, but Mr. Stimson persisted and succeeded in giving him a personal statement of the American plan. Mr. Stimson proposed that both powers issue a joint statement invoking the Nine-Power Treaty.

Sir John refused. The British were then in no mood for coöperation with the United States, preferring their unofficial alliance with Japan instead. Mr. Stimson later wrote that he felt "deeply discouraged" at this point in his career.

Here, then, is a case, now fully documented, of British reluctance to enter into a compact with the United States, though urged to do so in most emphatic fashion. Mr. Stimson has been accused of being a secret Anglophile. That may be so, though I do not think that this accounts for his actions. In any event, this completely muffs the issue: England, not America, was wooed and coyly refused. The current isolationist version has it reversed.

The Brussels Conference of last November is a similar and more recent case. At that conference, England, not yet ready to break with Japan, refused the proferred hand of the United States. The British delegation, in fact, outraged the Americans by openly intriguing with the Japanese over a division of the Chinese spoils.



John Mackey

Here are two pertinent incidents, one under a Republican administration, the other under the present Democratic New Deal. The Anglophobe isolationists misread history when they look upon England as the ardent suitor. Of course, in any given situation, the British seek to use other powers to their advantage. This *Realpolitik* was not invented by and is not limited to England; it was long ago nationalized in the United States. Merely to reiterate that the British try to get the best of any bargain is to be content with a very unprofitable truism.

If it is true that Anglo-American relations have been more cordial in the recent past than ever before, the explanation lies in Japan's thrust against China.

The immediate British stake in China, figured in cold cash, is immeasurably greater than that of the United States. The British do not like to switch their official affection from Japan to the United States; but they have no other alternative when Japan persists in aiming at monopoly power in eastern Asia as a prelude to the world domination which her Premier Tanaka envisioned. As for America, she has never failed to resist to the utmost any attempt to close the markets of China. When, until 1905, czarist Russia was the main threat to the "open door" to American goods, the United States assisted Japan as a counterweight against imperial Russia. After Japan disposed of czarist Russia and appropriated the latter's pretensions as well as some of her territory, American sympathy for Japan cooled. During and after the World War, it became frigid.

THIS brings us to a broader consideration. The isolationists may soon get tired of the British bogy as their main talking point. If so, their next horror story will be directed against Soviet-American coöperation. During the Coolidge and Hoover administrations especially, the United States treated the Soviet republic most miserably. But a change was inevitable for two general reasons. First, the peace of the United States is integrally bound up with world peace. As the aggressions pile up and as the fascist bloc coalesces, the United States, for its own safety and security, must find some common ground with all nations likewise committed to peace. This may be a process of slow education for some people, but it is an inevitable process never-

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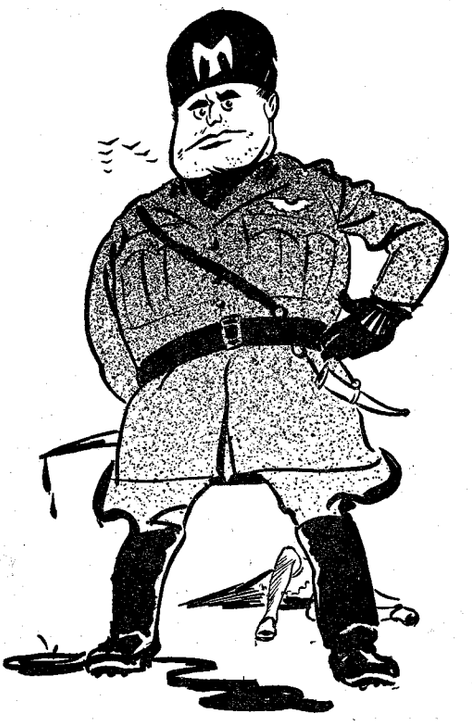
"Heil! To your noble Nordic isolation crusade!"

"Banzai! And 10,000 years to your delectable isolation!"



Joe Bartlett

"We sportsmen salute your brave isolationists."

theless. Second, American capitalism, in its struggle to keep the Chinese market open, must seek to preserve China's territorial integrity and national sovereignty. Whether it likes to or not, American capitalism is forced, by the pressure of Japanese aggression, to look favorably upon other powers similarly disposed toward China's independence, though for altogether contrary reasons. The Soviet Union is the only power on the mainland of eastern Asia so disposed. This too is a gradual process, and the capitalists are certainly far from united on this score; but there is every likelihood of closer and more friendly official relations between the United States and the Soviet Union against the fascist bloc which threatens both.

The isolationists have tried to muddle public opinion by carelessly jumbling together these problems of Anglo-American and Soviet-American relations with the navy bill. They have been assisted in this by the administration's own lack of decisiveness. America's foreign policy is still on a twenty-four-hour basis. This can only mean that Mr. Roosevelt has not yet adopted any definite long-range plan but is prepared to do so, provided he gets sufficient popular support. No attempt has been made to modify or repeal the Neutrality Act. On the other hand, the most significant point in Admiral Leahy's testimony was his grouping together of the German, Italian, and Japanese navies. If the administration follows this logic—and Secretary Hull's reply to Representative Ludlow indicates that it does—it must strive to meet the triple threat by a counter-grouping on a peace-preserving, democratic basis.

In any event, no navy bill is the solution to the crisis precipitated by Japan's aggression. Few of the big ships can possibly be finished before 1942-44, and either Japan or China will be finished before then.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN question deserves profounder interpretation than that of Albion's perfidy. The isolationists view the problem in the abstract and so deprive it of all real meaning. The proper question is not whether England and America shall coöperate, but whether England and America can and shall coöperate *to maintain peace* and *discourage aggression*. Assuming that the present British government does not modify its pro-fascist diplomacy, an Anglo-American alliance would be ruinous. Coöperation between the two countries must rest on a healthy policy of collective security, otherwise it is meaningless or vicious. However, even without official coöperation, the United States can exercise an enormous influence on British policy by setting an example to the British electorate.

The isolationist mythology has it that Great Britain is trying to get the United States to pull its chestnuts out of the fire through the medium of collective security. Actually, the present British government is trying to pull the United States into the pro-fascist orbit, entirely against the interests of collective security. Should the British ever succeed in arranging their four-power bloc, leaving the Soviet Union in isolation and eastern Europe at the mercy of Hitler, their next step will be to get the United States to finance the deal as indicated in the van Zeeland report.

There is a large measure of truth in the advice that great caution is necessary in dealing with the Chamberlain government. That is true, however, not because the Chamberlain government is an advocate of collective security, but because it is its enemy.

Nobody could take exception to the hostility of the isolationists against the British if only that hostility were directed against the present pro-fascist diplomacy of the British government. Such is not the case, however. The isolationists are deliberately exploiting all the latent Anglophobia in this country in order to surround the whole issue of collective security with an impenetrable fog of prejudices. This is grist to the reactionary mill against Soviet-American collaboration for peace.

The American people, as part of the democratic world, are confronted with Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito while Messrs. Libby, Bliven, Beard, Howe, and their camp-followers occupy themselves with pot-shots at George III. Professor Beard takes the British menace in deadly seriousness, but he actually derided the fascist danger as mere "goblins." The price for such political madness is being paid in Spain and China. That should mean something to us who yet have time to think.

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Akron—Where Unity Is Real

By Bruce Minton

AKRON, OHIO.

WILLIAM GREEN lost his temper the moment the protest delegation from the Akron Central Labor Union filed into his Washington office. The tantrum lasted quite a spell. "Now, Bill," expostulated Wilmer Tate, who headed the committee, "try to keep your shirt on." That seemed to make Green even angrier, but in the end he ran out of breath and with an attempt at coherency explained that what aggravated him so greatly was meeting Tate. President Green had no respect for a man who disagreed with Federation policies and yet continued to remain within the organization.

Green's dislike of Tate dated from the second annual convention of the United Rubber Workers in September 1937. As a guest speaker, Wilmer Tate, president of the Akron Central Labor Union, had referred to the A. F. of L. executive council as so many "brass hats," and had further remarked that until the coming of the C.I.O., the top leadership of the Federation had been a bunch of "sleeping beauties." "These same people," Tate had continued, "who have been slumbering all these years, are quite wide awake, and they are out in the field, they are stealing and they are sabotaging wherever it is possible for them to do so."

Upon reading the accounts of the convention, Green got hold of H. A. Bradley in Akron and empowered him to clean things up. Mr. Bradley, whose reputation would not benefit from extended discussion, stalked into the Akron Central Labor Union, removed Wilmer Tate from the presidency, canceled all democratic rights, and appointed himself chairman of the council. Whereupon thirty-seven of the forty-five A. F. of L. unions in the council indignantly withdrew, and formed an opposition caucus. They appealed to the A. F. of L. executive council, but received no answer; and as a last forlorn gesture, they sent a committee of four to call on President Green. And Green, particularly resentful of Wilmer Tate, greeted the delegates in a rage, berating them for ungratefulness and treachery.

Many workers in Akron believe that Green merely used Wilmer Tate's speech to the United Rubber Workers' convention as an excuse to take over the Central Labor Union. Prior to that, Green had ordered the locals to expel the unions affiliated with the C.I.O. Instead of fighting this order, the C.I.O. unions, despite their overwhelming majority in the council, quietly withdrew and set up their own industrial union council. They then approached the A. F. of L. locals and suggested that a committee be formed in Akron, composed of ten members from the C.I.O. and ten members from the A. F. of L., with the purpose of maintaining the unity of the labor movement, ironing out jurisdictional disputes, and assuring joint political action as well as a coördinated policy toward relief. The A. F. of L. locals eagerly accepted, and Wilmer Tate gave his hearty endorsement to the plan. As a result, instead of the expulsion order aligning the unions into two factions, unity was preserved, and the labor movement remained at peace.

The A. F. of L. executive council, however, did not want peace. Green fretted, waiting for a chance to end the amity in Akron, which he considered an affront to the executive council and to his own authority. And when Wilmer Tate at the U.R.W. convention spoke disrespectfully of the hierarchy, Green took his revenge.

He had the assistance of Arthur O. Wharton, president of the International Association of Machinists. Wharton, who not long ago wrote to a local in Pittsburgh, "The Grand Lodge officers of the machinists do not take orders from the rank and file," declared that Wilmer Tate's speech was disloyal. After Tate, a member in good standing of the machinists' union since 1917, had been removed as president of the Akron Central Labor Union and had become president of the Akron Industrial Union Council of the C.I.O., Wharton denounced him for "dual unionism," and expelled Tate from the machinists. Thus red-headed Wilmer Tate, fifty-two, broad-shouldered and rugged, with a strong faith in simple, to-the-point frankness, provided the royal family at the A. F. of L. council table with a pretext to attack the unity of the Akron labor movement.

Unity at the top they did succeed in smashing. But the new-born Central Labor Union, reorganized by Bradley around the building trades, included only 20 percent of the A. F. of L. unions—about three thousand members. The remainder, some seven thousand members, refused to return to the council and continued in a loose caucus outside the central body. Perhaps the locals should have reëntered the Central Labor Union where they could have fought the top leadership; but the majority of A. F. of L. locals were so outraged that they could not bring themselves to accept the high-handedness of Green's appointee.

Robert Joyce

As an added insult to the Federation's officialdom, the C.I.O.-A. F. of L. coördinating committee continued to function. "To all intents and purposes," Wilmer Tate told me, "with certain minor exceptions, the unity of the Akron labor movement is established. Formal trade-union unity has been destroyed by the A. F. of L. dictators. But on the other hand, unity of action, when the need for it arises, is assured between the C.I.O. and the greatest part of the A. F. of L. rank and file."

Unity in Akron stems from a feeling among the A. F. of L. workers that the welfare of the Akron labor movement is dependent on the United Rubber Workers. Before 1936, Akron was as proud an open-shop town as could be found throughout the Middle West, or for that matter, throughout the nation. A few unions petered along with almost no membership and with less economic strength. The rapid growth of the rubber union, with its progressive leadership and broad democracy, changed Akron, just as the rise of the maritime unions on the West Coast transformed San Francisco. In two years, the U.R.W. organized 85 percent of the rubber workers, about forty thousand in Akron alone (seventy-five thousand in the country). The gains that other workers enjoyed through the rise of unionization they owed for the most part to the presence and the encouragement of the successful U.R.W. The desire to maintain unity, therefore, became more than a devotion to the cause of working-class harmony: its preservation, implying of course the defense of the U.R.W., was necessary to retain improved wages and better living and working conditions, and to assure the smaller unions of U.R.W. support in their life-and-death struggle against the employers.

AT THE present time, the need of such coöperation is only too apparent. The recession, which has cost the jobs of thirty thousand in this city of approximately two hundred and sixty thousand, is being used by the industrialists as a weapon against the unions. Unemployment commenced earlier in Akron than in any other mass-production center—as far back as June. The Big Three—Firestone, Goodyear, and Goodrich—built up huge inventories. Through a series of provocative acts, they hoped to force the rubber union to strike; the company would thereupon sit back,

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fill orders from their large stocks, and wait for the workers to starve into submission. The U.R.W. refused to be baited into an ill-timed strike, even when Governor Martin L. Davey (who used terror to defeat the Little Steel strike in Ohio) sent four hundred National Guardsmen into Akron.

By November, when the automobile industry began seriously to curtail production, the rubber companies had already anticipated the decrease in orders. Layoffs mounted. Like the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, the rubber union set up efficient relief committees to obtain state aid for their members. To those most hard pressed, the union gave temporary benefits. The U.R.W. officers and organizers voluntarily lowered their salaries 20 percent—in President Sherman H. Dalrymple's case this meant a reduction to $2600 a year. The union, convinced that organization activity should be increased during a period of layoffs, added four new organizers to its staff of twelve. The educational program was expanded. In coöperation with the Workers' Alliance, the U.R.W. demanded speedier and more adequate relief. Jobless members were exempted from dues payments but retained their vote in the union, and were bound more closely to the U.R.W. by the realization that in bad times the union protected them as fully as it did in good times.

Nor were layoffs and official A. F. of L. opposition the only attacks that the U.R.W. had to resist. Through bitter struggles, the union had established the six-hour day in the Akron rubber shops; now, the company began slyly to encroach upon it. If the work day could be lengthened to eight hours, the industrialists reasoned, then wage rates could be dropped, and soon men would be back on the eight-hour day, receiving the same wage that they had received for six hours' work. The companies were too wise to state their program bluntly. Instead they chiseled—in the smaller shops and in Goodyear.

Recently, moulders struck and defeated an attempt to institute a forty-eight-hour week in place of forty hours, at a rate of one dollar an hour instead of $1.12 an hour. The argument advanced by the industrialists made much of the fact that with the new hours and new rate, a man could earn $48 a week, $3.20 more than he earned in forty hours at the established rate. The union retaliated by pointing out that the companies were unable to employ men at forty hours a week; why, they asked, should the owners increase the number of hours per man and keep one out of every six permanently unemployed? Besides, they insisted, earnings must not be estimated by the week, but on a yearly basis. Actually, the new rate was intended as a wage cut which would reduce the individual's earnings over any extended period.

Chiseling also began at the Goodyear plant, where the U.R.W. local, because of less progressive leadership, is not so alert as in Firestone and Goodrich. The company suddenly announced that the first shift in the engineering department would extend from seven in the morning to one-thirty in the afternoon—six and one-half hours—so that men could eat lunch during the extra half hour and not eat it on company time. This move, made without any semblance of collective bargaining, "increased efficiency" by eliminating rest periods during the six hours of working time and thus accelerating the speed-up. The Goodyear local accepted the new hours "under protest," but the international stepped in and challenged the manner in which the schedule was instituted. As yet, the outcome awaits negotiations. It is, moreover, something of a coincidence that the second shift does not start when the first ends, but an hour and a half later—exactly eight hours after the beginning of the first shift. This convenient lapse of eight hours between shifts would allow the longer work day to be reintroduced without a further change in schedule. Of course, the company denies that it is thinking of the eight-hour day.

The Greater Akron Association is likewise concerned with unionism. In full-page advertisements, the association carefully explains that organization of labor makes for higher production costs and in consequence the rubber companies are tending to move production away from Akron. Sorrowing over orders filled in rubber plants at Los Angeles; Gadsden, Ala.; Jackson, Mich.; Memphis, Tenn.; and elsewhere, the association warns that labor troubles force decentralization. In the end, the advertisements intimate, Akron will be a ghost city, workers will starve, and business will stagnate. The pages exhude gloom and desolation. Up on West End Hill, the wealthy shudder, and a "lover of the cause of labor" sadly confided to me, "The unions go too far. They are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. I'm a great believer in unions, but not this, not this, too far, too far . . ."

The advertisements sound convincing. The Scripps-Howard press, which has recently gone in for discussions of the outlook for organized labor—to the labor movement's decided disadvantage—syndicated Raymond Clapper's observation that Akron "has had to stand by seeing itself wrecked by the warfare" between

John Heliker

The Trotskyite Who Hasn't Been Asked to Write an Exposé for Any Newspaper Syndicate

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the rubber companies and the unions. It happens, however, that decentralization of the industry started long before the rubber workers began to organize. As in all mass-production industry, the owners discovered that after a certain point decentralization was necessary because it cut freight rates and lowered production costs. Rubber shops logically followed the auto plants, and new rubber factories sprang up close to the larger auto-distributing centers. The process took time to complete; as the plants grew, the union came into existence. Decentralization had nothing to do with the growth of unionism, and according to authorities, decentralization in the rubber industry has already gone as far as it is economically beneficial to the capitalists to carry it. The bogey of run-away plants serves merely as a convenience to talk the workers out of organization—just as the Red scare is resorted to. The U.R.W. counter-attacks by following the industry, organizing all plants, raising wage levels, and reducing hours of all rubber shops, wherever located.

In the last weeks, the Greater Akron Association discovered an ally in Benjamin Stolberg. One employer laughingly asked me if I had read Stolberg's "How to Make Friends Among the Employers." But the rubber workers, from the union officers to the men in the bars, all sneered. The union wired the American Newspaper Guild to find out if Stolberg, "veteran newspaper man," was a member of the Guild. The answer was negative. Within a week, the Akron Industrial Union Council had gone on record against Stolberg's series as "distorted and inaccurate," and warned that "the day of witch-hunting is over." The protest stressed that "it is a matter of record that the United Rubber Workers has been entirely free from factionalism. . . . So long as a worker contributes to building our organization he can and will remain within our ranks." Rubber workers, anxious not to be misunderstood, pointed out repeatedly to me, "You see, this fellow Stolberg is a liar. He calls his stuff 'Inside the C.I.O.' and he doesn't even belong to the Guild. He's about as much 'inside' as Bill Green is. Besides, if he was, what he writes makes him into a lousy stool-pigeon."

LIKE ALL PROGRESSIVE UNIONS, the United Rubber Workers is vitally interested in independent political action. At the last convention, the delegates unanimously resolved

That this U.R.W.A. convention herewith endorse Labor's Non-Partisan League and its efforts on the political field, and call upon every local union of the U.R.W.A. to coöperate in similar efforts in every locality where these local unions are situated; and be it further

Resolved: To coöperate with every progressive force in the political field in encouraging Labor's Non-Partisan League activities.

Last year's campaign for mayor and councilmen of Akron got off to a powerful start. Labor's Non-Partisan League endorsed Judge G. L. Patterson for mayor and twelve progressives for the council. All ran on the

Frank Davidson

Democratic ticket, and all, except one councilman, were nominated by large majorities. Patterson, a representative of middle-class and professional groups, received in the neighborhood of seventeen thousand votes as opposed to five thousand for his Democratic opponent. The Republican candidate, Mayor Lee D. Schroy, polled a little over twelve thousand.

Labor's Non-Partisan League, though it raised the too narrow slogan of "Labor United Conquers All," had campaigned independently of the Democratic Party, preserved its identity, and had come out of the primaries the most powerful political group in Akron. The Republicans were demoralized, with little confidence that Mayor Schroy's feeble and reactionary record could overcome the progressives' head-start. Clearly, Judge Patterson, by continuing aggressively to push his campaign, could easily win office.

But Judge Patterson, both timid and politically inexperienced, broke down. Instead of meeting Republican Schroy's denunciations, which were backed by the funds and the Red-baiting of reactionary Governor Davey—a Democrat at that—Patterson retreated. He capitulated to the threat of further "decentralization of industry"; he winced at the criticism that Labor's Non-Partisan League was supported by the Communist Party. In defense, he adopted the methods of his adversaries, began to Red-bait, and failed to bring forward the Non-Partisan League's platform. Despite repeated warnings from the Communist Party and other progressives that he was throwing away certain victory, Judge Patterson called off Labor's Non-Partisan League and handed the conduct of the campaign over to the Democratic machine, while he denounced the Communists and angered his supporters among organized labor and the progressives. Schroy won by eight thousand votes. By Red-baiting, by believing he had the labor vote "in the bag" so that he could completely disregard organized labor in his campaign, by playing down the vital issues and thundering bombastic phrases instead of discussing his platform, Patterson managed to defeat himself.

Nevertheless, the election was not completely lost. Four progressives won council seats; in Barberton, only a few miles away, the entire Non-Partisan League slate with the support of a true people's-front vote of labor, professional, and middle-class groups was victorious. Akron progressives learned that Red-baiting, severely banned in the rubber unions, was fully as dangerous when practiced in politics. The unions mulled over the lessons, and prepared for the 1938 elections on a broader, more realistic basis.

Labor's Non-Partisan League in Ohio held its initial conference of the coming campaign at Columbus on January 16, raising the slogan "Davey Must Be Defeated!" Governor Martin L. Davey, whose administration is under investigation for graft that many claim has leaked through into his pockets, gave Ohio terror during the Little Steel strike, and an autocratic and reactionary administration for two years. The unions, particularly in Akron, are determined, with the assistance of all progressives, to put candidates endorsed by Labor's Non-Partisan League into state and county posts. With the experience of the municipal campaign very clear, they are calling a series of conferences throughout the state to lay the basis of the coming campaign.

THE U.R.W. has changed Akron, just as other C.I.O. unions have changed the communities in which they are strong. Its influence is as widespread as the pervading smell of rubber in the air. Rubber workers were formerly considered backward: they speak with the drawl of the West Virginia mountain, they think hard and with cautious realism. But once the hill-billies—as they still call themselves—have determined their course, they act with a sure and energetic courage.

Rubber workers became convinced that organization would improve their conditions and bring them greater security: they fought huge corporations in a traditionally open-shop town and established their unions. They felt the necessity of spreading unionism in self-protection throughout Akron: they urged it on other unions and supported them unstintingly, and now Akron is a union town. They believed that unity in the labor movement was vital: and so they resisted William Green and the A. F. of L. executive council, disregarded formal splitting from the top and attacks by the employers and the press, and established trade-union unity that assures coöperation of the rank and file. Now they desire a voice in the political life of their state and their city: they won a first partial victory, and they continue organizing toward a more powerful, a more coördinated, a broader attack in 1938.

To the United Rubber Workers, the basic problem of unionism seems obvious. Their president, Sherman Dalrymple, stated it with forceful simplicity at the 1937 convention: "It is to the best interest of the rubber workers in America to believe in democracy. . . . That is what we live on. That is what we strive for. . . . We are going on to a higher level in the great labor movement."

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It Happened in Illinois

By Sasha Small

IT all began on January 13, when the American Patriotic Club of Westville, Ill.—the local vigilante outfit—held a meeting in the American Legion Hall.

Among those present—there were about three hundred—was Nathan Yagol, who went up to the speaker after the meeting to tell him that his information on the Soviet Union was not as accurate as it might be.

Yagol left the hall. As he got to the last landing on his way down, vigilante Lawrence Goughran came rushing down after him and without a word hit him so hard he broke his glasses and left a nasty gash over his eye.

After being treated by a doctor, Yagol swore out a complaint against his assailant.

Six days later, Yagol was suddenly summoned to Danville, the county seat, to the office of O. D. Mann, state attorney for Vermillion County. He went. The result of his conversation was arrest without charge. He was held without bail, incommunicado.

The Chicago office of the International Labor Defense, upon receipt of this information, dispatched two members of its legal staff, Max Naiman and Joseph Roth, to Westville. When they arrived, they decided to divide up the job between them, Max Naiman going on to Danville to see Yagol, and Joseph Roth remaining in Westville to represent Yagol's interests at the trial of vigilante Lawrence Goughran.

Naiman was accompanied by three miners —John Sloan and Joe and Frank Suchaczewski. They got to the Danville jail by 8:45 a.m., where they knocked until the jailer opened the door a little way and asked their business. Naiman said he wanted to see his client, Nathan Yagol. The jailer refused.

Naiman asked for the sheriff and the state attorney. Neither was in. When Sheriff Harry George finally did return, Mr. Naiman stated his business, pointing out that his client had come voluntarily to the officials, thinking that they needed more information to prepare the prosecution against Goughran. Moreover, he protested against Yagol's being held without any complaint or warrant. The sheriff admitted the facts, but added that he intended to hold Yagol until he found out everything about him that he wanted to know. Mr. Naiman promptly went down to the clerk's office with the intention of filing a writ of habeas corpus. He learned that there wasn't a single judge in town to sign the papers.

Just as the lawyer and his companions left the jail, a police lieutenant grabbed John Sloan. "What are you doing here? You come with me."

Naiman interfered. "You can't arrest him, not without a warrant."

"I certainly can. I want to question him, and if you resist I'll arrest you too." So Attorney Naiman and John Sloan went along to the police station. There they met Chief of Police Johnson, to whom Naiman protested the lieutenant's actions.

"Look here," the chief began belligerently, "you know what happened to one of you Chicago civil liberty lawyers a couple of years ago [a vigilante attack sanctioned by the police]. The same is in line for you. That's what you are going to get. I give you five minutes to get out of town."

John Sloan remained in the Danville police station. Naiman rushed to the telegraph office, reported developments to the Chicago I.L.D., grabbed the miners Joe and Frank Suchaczewski, and they left for Westville.

In Westville Naiman decided to go on to the trial, but went to the railroad station first to send a second wire to Chicago. While he was drafting his telegram, a roar from the street shook the building. Everybody dashed to the window. Before them was the spectacle of a cursing mob chasing Joseph Roth, guns plainly visible, fists shaking, oaths, threats....

JOHN SLOAN, released by the Danville police half an hour after Naiman's departure, had reached Westville in time to join Joseph Roth at the Goughran trial. The court room was jammed to overflowing. The corridors were filled with people. Crowds had gathered on the sidewalk outside the building.

The judge, a Republican justice of the peace named Roberts, would not permit Yagol to answer charges. When the defense moved to dismiss the case, the judge immediately ruled that since witnesses did not seem to know whether Goughran had struck Yagol with his right or left hand, the case was dismissed!

The audience began filing out of the courtroom. A miner made his way to Joseph Roth with the news that the vigilantes were organizing outside and that it looked like trouble. The miners then formed a circle around Roth and proceeded to lead him out of the courtroom. They had to force their way down the courthouse steps through a sullen but menacing vigilante mob. After they had gone two blocks the vigilantes attacked. Roth was told to run ahead, while the miners held back the tide. One cry rang out sharply from the mob: "Kill the Communists."

Roth was carried off to a safe hiding place from which he phoned to the state attorney and the sheriff, holding them responsible for the safety of Nathan Yagol, who had been taken back to the Danville jail. The sheriff replied that he could only be responsible for Yagol as long as he was inside the walls of the jail. He added: "Why don't you come to Danville yourself and try to get him?"

Chicago, meanwhile, had rushed reinforcements to its beleaguered I.L.D. attorney in Vermillion County. But they were prevented from seeing Yagol. On the other hand, at about eleven that night, the sheriff decided to release his prisoner; he smuggled Yagol out of jail and carried him across the county line to the town of Milford, where Yagol managed to get a bus and make his way to Chicago.

But that doesn't end the story. On the following Saturday, Sheriff George's deputies arrested four miners without warrant. This brought telegrams of protest, with the result that all but John Sloan were released. That night, the Legion and the American Patriotic Club held meetings, which resulted in a special meeting of the Westville mayor and the Board of Aldermen to revoke permission already given for a citizens' meeting called to protest vigilante actions. The meeting, said their honors, would result "in riot and bloodshed."

Meantime, the Chicago press was filled with reports, editorials, comment on the situation in Westville, the Chicago *Sunday Times* carried an editorial headed IT CAN'T HAPPEN, EH?, which roundly denounced the Legion for acting with the vigilantes and advised that the citizens of Vermillion County *"who believed in free speech, free assembly—in Americanism—should let their sheriff and his deputies understand that they will not tolerate such actions."*

On the night of January 22, the Danville *Commercial News* delivered itself of the following:

> While the mixture of races and nationalities in Westville makes it a good place to plant the seeds of Communism, activities of the American Patriotic Club there are doing much to retard it. The methods of blocking efforts of radical agitators by patriotic Westville folk is effective and commendable. Apparently it is the only "language" Communistic organizers can understand.

To make sure that the "language" would not be allowed to weaken, the officials of Vermillion County decided what to do about John Sloan. Originally Sheriff George had said he might be held for inciting to riot. But after the raids, he decided to add Frank Suchaczewski and Ernest Guiliani as well, and that charge has now become: violation of the Illinois criminal syndicalism law.

The three miners are now in jail. Their trial will probably be held the middle of February. Progressives in the state of Illinois are taking vigorous action against the vigilante situation and the frame-up of these men, and in addition are calling for a state-wide conference for repeal of the criminal syndicalism law. The whole case has been brought to the attention of the LaFollette Committee for investigation.

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William Gropper

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Stalin's Letter

THE press has just made the discovery that Joseph Stalin is a Bolshevik, a Communist, an internationalist. The paragraph in Stalin's letter to a Young Communist, published the other day, which furnishes the occasion for this sensation, is the following:

> The international proletarian ties of the working class of the U.S.S.R. with the working class of the bourgeois countries must be intensified and strengthened; the political aid of the working class of the bourgeois countries to the working class of our country, and equally every kind of aid of the working class of our country to the working class of the bourgeois countries must be organized; our Red Army, Red Navy, Red Air Fleet, and Osoaviakhim (All-Union Society for Chemical and Air Defense) must be strengthened and consolidated in every way.

Now this may be news to Mr. Ludwig Lore of the *Post,* to Mr. Benjamin Stolberg of the *World-Telegram,* to Mr. Herbert Solow of the New York *Sun,* to Professor Hook and Professor Dewey. It may be news to the arch-"revolutionist" Edmund Wilson, who started out on his revolutionary career with a determination to take Communism away from the Communists. It may be news to Messrs. Fred Beal, Isaac Don Levine, Harold Denny, Max Eastman, and Eugene Lyons. It may be news to the egomaniacal Leon Trotsky, who has been laying claim to a monopoly on revolutionary sentiment and vocabulary. It is not news to Communists who have followed the writings and speeches of Lenin and Stalin, who understood the development in the Soviet Union, and grasped the ABC of revolutionary tactics.

Stalin, speaking for the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, has always maintained that while one may proceed to build Socialism in one country, especially a country like the U.S.S.R., so vast and rich in natural resources, the *ultimate* triumph of world Socialism, toward which the building of Socialism in the Soviet Union is an essential step, can be achieved only on an international scale, through the collaboration of the revolutionary proletariat in at least a few of the major countries. That was the basic principle of the Communist Parties of the world. Stalin made this clear in his letter.

Trotsky, Zinoviev, and others, who later became spies and agents of fascism, denied the possibility of constructing Socialism in our country without a preliminary victory of the Socialist revolution in capitalist countries.

They wanted, in fact, to turn our country backward to the path of bourgeois development, camouflaging their retreat by false references to "victory of the revolution" in other countries. This is what the debate with these people was about. Further progress of development in our country showed that the party was right, and Trotsky and his clique not right.

The emphasis during the last decade on building Socialism in the Soviet Union was not a negation of this basic principle, but the most concrete application of it to a realistically understood objective situation. The basic principles of Communism are unchanging; the tactics of carrying them into life are variable. One of the troubles with most bourgeois commentators on the Soviet Union and its relation to the Communist International is that they confuse principles with tactics, mistaking adaptation of the latter, in keeping with changes in the world situation and the heightened danger of war, for crucial changes in the first.

Relief—But Not Enough

THE Roosevelt request for another $250,000,000 for W.P.A. from now till July 1 reflects a considerable though incomplete victory for the Workers' Alliance, the C.I.O., and Labor's Non-Partisan League. This was dramatized when Roosevelt received Workers' Alliance President David Lasser and Secretary-Treasurer Herbert Benjamin on the day of the announcement. For over an hour Lasser and Benjamin explained the need for $400,000,000 for W.P.A. jobs and $150,000,000 for relief right now. Roosevelt agreed that if the $250,000,000 is not enough, more will have to be gotten. His action is in response to the fight put up by people's forces against the Woodrum clause, which tories sneaked into the current appropriation measure to make money then supplied last the whole fiscal year. Another factor was organized action in the field to cut red tape and quickly exhaust the 350,000 additional jobs made available recently.

The insufficiency of $250,000,000 is now visible. The C.I.O. seeks $550,000,000; the United States Conference of Mayors, $400,000,000. A relief crisis grips Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and the cotton South. The A. F. of L.'s *American Federationist,* describing layoffs "particularly severe in manufacturing and agriculture," finds "a rate of layoff almost equal to the worst depression winter." Through a sheaf of telegrams, from many states, handed to Roosevelt by the Alliance leaders, runs the refrain "misery" and "acute."

Roosevelt says three million have lost jobs since September. Acting W.P.A. Administrator Williams figures on increasing the rolls to 2,500,000 in March, then tapering off. Lasser and Benjamin believe several hundred thousand more could be hired. Simple arithmetic seems to bear them out. For the $250,000,000 divided by four (months March through June) and again by sixty-five (dollars it costs per man per month) gives over 900,000 new jobs monthly, instead of the 500,000 Williams seems to have in mind.

The Crisis Problem Remains

ROOSEVELT'S request is the first concrete action against the new recession. It bears out in principle our estimate, several weeks ago, of the healthy Washington outlook for more realistic handling of recession and reform questions.

But what a picayune beginning! As Workers' Alliance leaders told Roosevelt, three million *new* jobless by July 1 will have lost two and one-half billion dollars in wages, or purchasing power; putting $250,000,000 into the pot replaces just one-tenth of the total.

The administration is planning a substantial attack. Washington is full of talk about a new building program for housing, roads, or both. Here again are points which progressives need to watch out for. There are indications Roosevelt is giving serious consideration to demands from industries for an "annual wage" for relief workers. The idea is increased yearly totals but at reduced hourly rates. The question is, wouldn't this jeopardize hard-won scales of the employed despite Roosevelt's insistence this must not happen?

The Workers' Alliance has proposed a Washington conference next month with the C.I.O., Labor's Non-Partisan League, and other union and progressive forces to take up the whole recession-relief question. Another item on their agenda may be means to execute in practice the paper labor-policies now embraced by New Dealers in Washington, particularly the right to organize. We hope to report fully, later, the story of how policies become reversed in the field, where administration is dominated by military toughies and reactionary machine bosses. There is a striking, untold example of this in Pendergrast's Missouri. It was illustrated recently in Colonel Somervell's New York bailiwick. Officials, particularly

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New York State Welfare Department personnel, ordered the closing of intake departments to crush sit-downs. The effort is to induce relief applicants to turn against the Alliance—the organization fully recognized in Washington. Thus local officials take a leaf from Tom Girdler, anxiously fostering a "right to relief" movement as phony as was the "right to work" campaign built up during the Little Steel strike.

Anti-Red Rash

THE disease is contagious. Last week the New York *Herald Tribune,* in a series of leading editorials, called for an investigation of the Communist Party. The New York *Times* featured a raving assault on the Soviet Union by Carlo Tresca, whose anarchism was dressed up for the occasion as "anti-fascism." The New York *Sun,* not to be outdone by the Stolberg "revelations" in the Scripps-Howard papers, ran a series of front-page amateur detective stories on the Rubens case by Trotskyite Herbert Solow. Samuel Untermyer wired from the South an offer to coöperate with semi-fascist groups in an effort to oust Simon W. Gerson, former *Daily Worker* reporter, who was recently appointed assistant by Stanley Isaacs, Borough President of Manhattan. Senator Copeland, who apparently learned nothing from the lesson of the last elections in New York, denounced Harry Bridges and demanded his deportation on the alleged ground that he is a Communist. Joe Ryan told a Senate committee that he was "sure" that Joe Curran, general organizer of the National Maritime Union, was a "Red."

The line-up is significant. Anarchists and Hoover individualists, Trotskyites and expropriated Tammany politicians, labor racketeers and Wall Street spokesmen joined in the march on Moscow. Not one single fact was brought forward to support any of the wild statements which the press has featured. Bridges entered this country legally, as a previous investigation exhaustively proved. The "theories" of Tresca and Solow have been backed by nothing but rhetoric. The Senate committee which listened to Ryan told Curran that he needn't bother to come to Washington because they had no "evidence." The attack on Isaacs's appointment has come only from those who attacked LaGuardia as a "Red" in the last election. The *Herald Tribune's* "uncertainty" about the principles of the Communist Party could be removed by any one of the penny pamphlets which the party has distributed in the hundreds of thousands.

But the attack is not based on evidence which could possibly carry weight in a court of law. It is based on an emotional appeal, a scare-psychology, the obvious intent of which is to prepare the way for a campaign against the labor movement. John Brophy and other responsible leaders of the C.I.O. know this and have publicly stated as much. The *Nation* and the *New Republic* pointed out editorially last week that to countenance this gang-up is to encourage what is only a prelude to a major move against civil liberties and collective bargaining. With the increasing strength of the labor movement and of the Communist Party, the reactionaries resort to more brazen measures, and they find anxious allies in the Trotskyites. The Red scare is ultimately a sign of weakness on the part of labor's enemies, as the Roosevelt election in 1936 and the LaGuardia election in 1937 showed. And the most effective way of meeting this weakness, as these elections also proved, is not to remain silent but to open a counter-offensive against reaction.

But the Party Grows

IN the last seven years, the Communist Party of the United States has grown into a broad mass organization giving nation-wide leadership in the fight against reaction and fascism. Its recruiting campaign just ended enlisted twenty thousand new members. To celebrate this event, and to bring forward with renewed emphasis the Communist program of uniting all progressive forces in the struggle for peace and democracy, the party is holding a four-day National Party Builders' Congress. The high point of the congress will be the mass meeting at Madison Square Garden on the eve of Washington's birthday, February 21. Among the speakers at this meeting will be Earl Browder, general secretary, and William Z. Foster, chairman of the Communist Party.

Schuschnigg's Choice

THE Hitler-Schuschnigg conversation is an excellent example of what the Nazis mean by "appeasement." The elevation of von Ribbentrop to the foreign ministry had led to well-founded rumors that Austria was slated for an early Nazi putsch and subsequent *Anschluss* with the Third Reich. Such an eventuality was obviously calculated to fire the European powder-keg. So Hitler, as an act of "appeasement," summoned Dr. Schuschnigg to his Berechtesgaden retreat. The world was given to understand that out of the meeting would come an arrangement agreeable to both nations, which means that Austria would be left alone.

It now appears that Hitler told Dr. Schuschnigg to choose between sudden death and torture. The first alternative meant the violent end of Austrian sovereignty through a Nazi reign of terror and possible German intervention. The second involved the entrance into the Austrian cabinet of a Nazi, Dr. Seyss-Inquart, as minister of the interior. Under this plan, the Austrian Nazis could afford to take power less hastily; Schuschnigg would surrender all control over them.

When Tories Turn "Pacifist"

THE spectacle of Ham Fish coming out as a critic of the navy bill would have been incredible several years ago. That it should happen today testifies to the very altered world situation under which we live. A die-hard reactionary like Fish is primarily opposed to any suggestion that the United States participate in concerted action to curb the aggressors. He even favors naval parity for Japan—in 1938—when Japan is in the midst of her most ambitious aggression.

What has happened to our most bitter reactionaries? Have they turned pacifists and non-resisters? It would be fatuous to think anything of the sort. The changed world situation has forced a change in reactionary policy. Not many years ago, the Ham Fishes were most inflammatory in their hostility toward Japan. That was before the international fascist offensive against democracy. Today, however, the American reactionaries feel such a community of interest with the fascist powers that they oppose all measures which the fascists interpret as a challenge. This political phenomenon has occurred in Great Britain and France, and it is to be expected here. Ham Fish has not become a pacifist, but he is willing to use pacifist phrases in behalf of his international allies.

Thunder over Hollywood

THIS week the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, which now organizes film and theater electricians, stagehands, etc., announced its intention of taking over all crafts in the movie industry as well as radio actors. This comes directly after William Green's promise to the Associated American Actors & Artists, parent body of theater, film, and radio actors, that no I.A.T.S.E. raids would be permitted. How guilty Green and his executive council are in this threatened intra-A. F. of L. struggle can be seen from the fact that George Browne, chief of the I.A.T.S.E., is a vice-president of the Federation, a member of the Federation's executive council and Green's personal representative in the amusement field.

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An interesting and menacing aspect of Browne's plan is that it would establish (wholly in films and partly in radio) a labor monopoly in the electrified amusement field exactly corresponding to the production monopoly in that field now being consolidated by Wall Street. But while film and radio chiefs, and the bankers, would be glad of an I.A.T.S.E. class-collaborationist pseudo-industrial-union setup, and might declare a general lockout to install it, film and radio workers will not be pushovers. They will fight back.

The A. F. of L. Screen Actors' Guild, plus half a dozen independent guilds including the important Screen Writers and Screen Directors, are prepared to resist the I.A.T.S.E., and in a showdown would undoubtedly find allies in such progressive Federation locals as the musicians, studio painters, and others.

The New Farm Act

NOT more than one congressman out of every ten is familiar with the features of the new farm act. Each year has brought with it a new farm bill, and each bill has been longer and more complicated than the preceding one. Even the official sponsors who had the job of steering the present act through Congress have had trouble simulating an emotion that remotely resembled enthusiasm.

At the special session called by Roosevelt, the farm measure passed by the House was completely stricken out and rewritten by the Senate. The Senate, following the proposals of the Farm Bureau lobbyists, favored more drastic provisions to bring about compulsory crop control.

Under the original A.A.A. the reduction pill was sugar-coated; the farmer was paid for taking land out of commercial production. But, under the present measure, the sugar-coating has been thinned, and the center is more bitter. When crops exceed given limits, the farmers may now be required to pay penalty taxes.

It is encouraging to find that even the Grange has split with the Farm Bureau Federation on the question of *compulsory* crop reduction, even though it does not object to reduction *per se*. Reduction hits the small farmer most severely. The Farm Bureau represents the large farmers who feel that, by pushing the small farmers out of the domestic markets, they will be able to sell crop "surpluses" resulting from the international race for "self-sufficiency." Per unit of product, the overhead expenses of the small farmer are much higher than for the large farmer; and though the small farmer curtails production, he cannot reduce fixed charges for taxes, mortgage, seed, and short-term loans. Cutting cash production sharply increases his cost of production per unit of product and makes him an easier prey for his large-scale competitor.

Unfortunately, the small farmers were completely unrepresented in the discussions on the new farm act in Washington. The Farmers' Union is just recovering from a bad case of Coughlinitis. Before it could effectively take part in the affairs of national legislation, it was faced with the task of removing irresponsible leaders from key positions wherein they managed to sabotage any progressive program.

The C.I.O. has already gone on record in favor of cost of production for the farmers. Since cost of production is one of the major planks of the Farmers' Union program, it should now be possible to launch an effective campaign for its adoption next year, thereby proving to the farmers the value of farmer-labor unity.

Despite the limitations of the new farm act, it by no means represents a clear-cut victory for the Farm Bureau and the reactionaries. While they managed to get endorsement of compulsory reduction as a general principle, these provisions were finally whittled down to such an extent that only in the case of cotton are the quotas and penalties likely to go into effect this year. Moreover, the penalties themselves were reduced considerably.

In addition, it must be recognized that, with serious drought again threatening the farmers on the great plains, the continuance of government crop payments must be counted as a positive gain, since these payments have been the main source, and sometimes the only source, of cash income to drought-hit farmers. A further improvement comes in the increasing of the small payments and limiting of large ones. No corporation or person may receive more than ten thousand dollars per year in government payments on farm lands within a given state. The provision requiring the democratic election of county control committees is also to the advantage of the working farmers. In previous years, these committees have been completely dominated by the large farmers, the county agents, and the Farm Bureau, who continuously discriminated against the little fellows.

Whether the working farmers will get larger or smaller payments under the present act than they got last year has not been definitely determined. In recent years government payments have been cut considerably. As compared with the six hundred and thirty-six million dollars paid out under the 1934 program, payments last year amounted to three hundred and eighty million dollars. The new act specifies no final figure. It states that the five hundred million dollars authorized by the earlier Soil Conservation Act shall be switched to the administration of the new farm measure. As past experience has shown, the authorization of five hundred million dollars does not mean that the Secretary of Agriculture is required to pay out this amount; it is a maximum and not a minimum. The new act adds, however, that additional sums may be appropriated later. Hence the question becomes one of who can exert more pressure, the farmers or the United States Chamber of Commerce, for this latter organization has been actively opposing the continuance of farm subsidies.

The progressives in Congress had a difficult time deciding how to vote on the new farm act. Some voted for it, and some against. If representatives of the dirt farmers had been present to offer concrete amendments, especially during the conference stage, many of the burrs in the present measure could have been removed. But even with respect to the worst feature in the new act—compulsory reduction—the farmers must still vote on this before it goes into effect. In fact, a two-thirds vote is necessary before the marketing quotas and penalties can be invoked on a particular crop. While the Negro sharecroppers and tenants in the South will not benefit from this provision, farmers in other sections of the country should have no difficulty in defeating this provision, if they so choose.

The main lesson, apparent from the confusion over the present farm act, is that steps must be taken to expand the farmers' markets if fundamental aid is to be given agriculture. The farmers' problems cannot be solved without reference to wages and unemployment. While the pay envelopes of the American workers remain thin, farm legislation that merely seeks to reduce agricultural production proportionately to this depressed labor income can bring little relief to the working farmers. The drafting and passage of this more basic legislation depends upon the speedy formation of a farmer-labor alliance with broad support from the rank-and-file.

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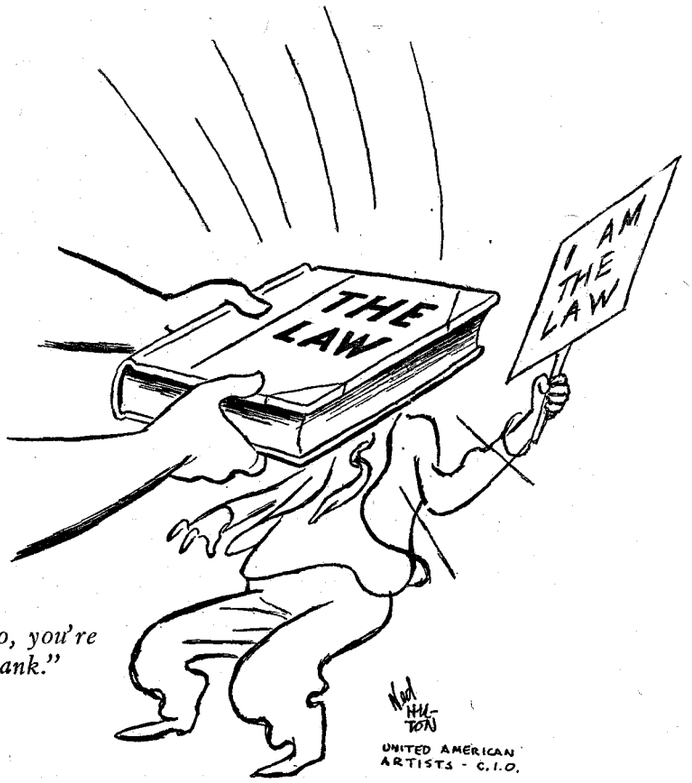
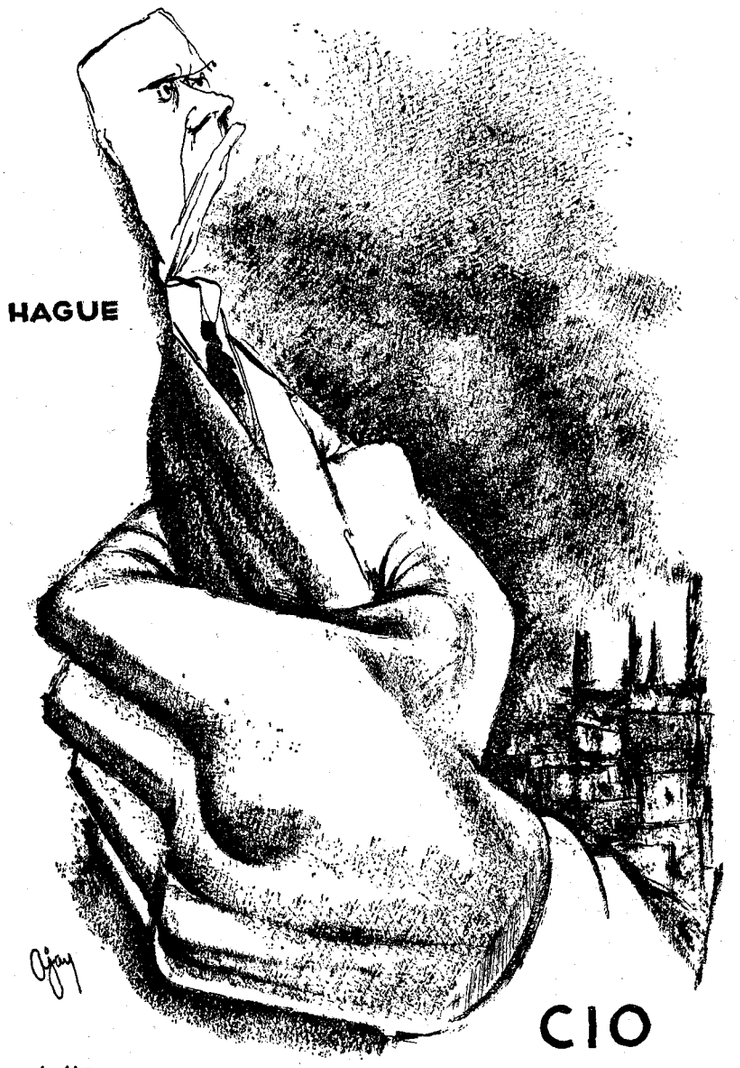


"Oh no, you're not, Frank."

Ned Hilton

Scott Johnston



A. Ajay

Squeeze!

Down with Hague!

THE cartoons on these pages are the artists' contributions to the C.I.O.'s benefit show at the Mosque Theater in Newark, N. J., Sunday night, February 20. The originals are to be sold that evening. Forty-five congressmen, educators, ministers, and business and professional people have sponsored the affair. Heywood Broun, who was accused by a Hague cop of exclaiming "Nuts!" during an oration by the Jersey dictator a month ago, will serve jointly with Will Geer as master of ceremonies. The demonstration on Sunday marks the beginning of the C.I.O.'s drive for 15,000 new members in Jersey City.

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'hat the hell—
s not the first guy to
on that herring!"

George Price

Haile Hendrix

"Everything is under control."

Ad. Reinhardt

Gardner Rea

"Well, I see they've at last got Hague where he belongs!"

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

Why Do They Sell Out?

ON a recent trip to Cleveland I was caught in what amounted to a cloudburst. After standing for half an hour in a doorway vainly waving at passing cabs, I decided to walk back to the hotel. It was a lashing rain and there was no way of avoiding it. My feet were soon sloshing around in my shoes, a stream of water was running down my overcoat collar, and I was miserable.

Suddenly, while going through the Public Square, I stopped. I didn't want to stop, and the fact that I was stopping to look at a statue was all the more ridiculous. I am not a monument-lover and statues do not halt me even on good days, but I stopped now as abruptly as if somebody had stabbed me in the gullet. Several weeks before the papers had been full of obituaries of Newton D. Baker, late secretary of war. The statue was that of Tom L. Johnson, the great reform mayor of Cleveland.

It was nothing much to see, just the figure of a man sitting in a chair with one foot extended, but I looked at it with the greatest interest, read the name and the dates below and forgot about the river going down my neck. The point is that Newton Baker was Tom Johnson's right hand man in those days when the echoes of the Cleveland battle resounded through the country. Tom Johnson fought the traction interests and the other big business robbers who for years had been strangling American cities.

There is no need of going into the history of that period. Lincoln Steffens and the muckrakers were exposing the unholy combination of big business and political gangs which had thoroughly corrupted municipal government. In every case the nice people, the rich, the pillars of Christian society were found to be in league with the thugs for the benefit of both. Tom Johnson attacked them in Cleveland with ferocity, and Newton Baker was his chief assistant. And now Newton Baker is dead, acclaimed most widely by the interests which sought to crucify Tom Johnson.

From being a reformer and a liberal, Newton D. Baker ended as the attorney for the utilities, defending the most reactionary interests in America. Why did he do it? Why do promising talents sell out? What satisfaction could Baker have in his late years as he looked back over his career? I ask the question in all sincerity, for I hold no animosity toward the man. The Communists have reason to be grateful to him for his analysis of the Moscow trials. He gave his opinion as a leading lawyer and as a man with wide experience that the defendants were guilty and had been given every consideration. That opinion had weight in many circles where the Communist point of view would never reach. But from Mr. Baker's own viewpoint, was it worth it for him to cease being a fine liberal lawyer and end as the darling of the Morgans and the Liberty League?

If it was a question of bread and butter, nobody can blame a man who is forced into things he would prefer not to do, but it couldn't have been starvation in Newton D. Baker's case. He was a great lawyer, and great liberal lawyers are so scarce that a good living was assured him. So far as I know he had no extreme social ambitions, such as ruined Ramsay MacDonald. He was not struck as by a great light when he stood in the presence of J. P. Morgan; he had no fear that the Londonderrys might turn him into the street. So, why?

The newspapers were recently carrying reports of the eightieth birthday of Beatrice Webb, wife and collaborator with Sidney Webb on some of the most forward-looking works of our time. As G. D. H. Cole wrote: "At eighty Mrs. Webb shows more eagerness to understand and welcome new developments than most people of half her age." What quality of character or belief in idea makes the Webbs (Lord and Lady Passfield) ignore their titles while Ramsay MacDonald prostrated himself before the meanest noble? What is it that causes a Sinclair Lewis to collapse into senility while a Henri Barbusse fights to his dying breath for humanity? What is to account for the frantic desire of Lewis to break with his past? Can money and the influence that comes with position really do that to a man? What satisfaction can he possibly get out of the acclaim of the stupid and the reactionary he formerly professed to despise?

The disease seems to be endemic among liberals. Without attempting an analysis of liberalism, I should say that the typical liberal is at the heart a utopian. He wants a better world but he wants it done up in ribbon. Almost anything is enough to discourage him. When he discovers that the individuals working with him in a liberal cause are human beings rather than angels, he is unable to go on. The blow shatters him, robs him of his faith in human nature, prompts him to doubt the good of any reform. The curious thing, however, is that he rarely stops at that. Instead, he becomes aggressively reactionary and repudiates with virulence the very ideas he has lately been upholding. In some mystic way this seems to constitute amends for his waverings. It is a form of propitiation of the gods, an abasement which will put him again in their good graces.

Naturally the more earthy reasons are just as potent in swaying an ambitious man from his earlier beliefs. He wants money and comfort, the approval of his betters; he wants things for his children that he never had for himself. There are others who will only play if they can pitch. As leaders in the limelight, they are happy; as workers in the ranks, they eventually quit. My belief is that it never pays to coddle fellow-travelers. If they are not grounded in radicalism and sincere in the desire to work for those ends, it is futile to baby them. The real people can take criticism; the others will turn and rend you in the end, regardless of how they are treated.

But that is aside from the original point. If what a man craves is attention and fame, of what use is transitory fame to him? John Reed and Walter Lippmann were classmates at Harvard. Is there anybody who doubts their respective place in history? John Spargo and Lincoln Steffens were contemporaries, but Steffens was alert and open to ideas to his death. He was a great man and a great influence, and his fame will be lasting. Spargo is now confined to writing Red-baiting letters to the *Times*. Many of you won't recognize his name, but he was an important figure in the American labor movement before the War. If he achieves a footnote in history, he will be fortunate.

In writing this I am not advocating martyrdom, but simple common sense. Renegades are vicious, but tired liberals are merely disgusting. They bore me. They have large notions and no stamina. They wilt. They whine. They sell out even before the offer is made. What under the sun would prompt a man of Newton D. Baker's intelligence to defeat himself? From a common sense viewpoint, what actually did he gain by surrender?

As Carl Sandburg says in *The People, Yes:*

> Tell him too much money has killed men
> and left them dead years before burial:
> and quest of lucre beyond a few easy needs
> has twisted good enough men
> sometimes into dry thwarted worms.

Fortunately there are individuals who can withstand the effects of money. With all its hardships, who has had a better life than Art Young? He was a radical in 1913, and he is a radical now. At any point along the line, he could have sold out. He was recognized as a superior artist, his fame was international, and yet it seems never to have occurred to him that it would be pleasant to become a court jester. He was Brisbane's friend but never Brisbane's slave. His ideas of social justice have never wavered, his faith has never failed him. But who is loved more deeply or will be remembered longer?

What do the puny people get out of their money and their passing fame that can recompense them for the failure of their lives?

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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The Guild Scores Again

By J. P. Dallas and Ellen McGrath

"YOU boys will have to tear up your cards in the Newspaper Guild and join the teamsters' union," said the boss teamster.

"But we're already members of organized labor. Our department is 100-percent organized. We belong to the American Newspaper Guild," protested employees of the Seattle *Star* circulation department.

"That don't make no difference. Ya got to join the teamsters' union or get off the job."

Back of the boss teamster stood the company boss, Mr. Anderson, circulation manager of the paper. And backing him up we knew was the power and might of a nationally organized employer. The Seattle *Star* is a Scripps league paper. Mr. Anderson had called us together at 9 o'clock on July 2. With a self-conscious grin he had introduced Lew Shaw as a representative of the teamsters' union. Shaw was known to some of us as a "boss teamster" from the office of Dave Beck, international vice-president of the teamsters' union; as a leader of the infamous Beck "goon" squads; and as a principal in the scandalous beatings of the rank and file of the newsboys' union a few weeks before.

DAVE BECK was known to all of us. He was a $12,000-a-year official of the teamsters' union. He had risen to power through price-fixing employer alliances and jurisdictional war on his brother A. F. of L. unionists. The chaotic laws of the Federation, its past record of fratricidal warfare, and the rule by edict of Green and the executive council furnished Beck with pretext, precedent, and authority for such action. "Everything on wheels belongs to the teamsters," says Beck. But Seattle union men pointed out that Beck has already claimed white-collar newspaper workers, brewery workers, and longshoremen. In Seattle they say, "If you drive a car to work or there's casters on the bed you sleep in, you're on wheels and Beck will claim jurisdiction over your union."

In a word, Beck and his man Shaw represented the worst in the American labor movement. They were in open league with our employer, the Seattle *Star* management, to break the Guild. They were "bad customers" and we were now face to face with them.

"Why should we join your union? We're satisfied with the Guild. It got us vacations with pay and a 100-percent pay raise when we joined. What more can the teamsters do for us?" said a Guildsman, replying to the boss teamster.

"You've been notified twice that we'd got a charter for you. You were told to come down to the teamsters' hall and sign up. You've ignored these warnings. Now I'll give you fifteen minutes to make up your mind," said the boss teamster, evading the question.

"But we're not teamsters. We don't haul or handle a single paper. We're circulation-department employees. Our work is clerical. We take care of the office details of the paper's circulation department. We belong with the Guild. Every paper is hauled by union teamsters. The teamsters' union should have no quarrel with us."

"We don't care nothin' about all that."

"If we join the teamsters' union, how about agreements? Do we have any part in negotiating?"

"No, we take care of that."

"You mean we would have nothing to say about our own working conditions, hours, or wages?"

"We take care of that I said."

"Could we sit in?"

"No."

"What right have you got to force us into the teamsters' union? We'd like to know by what authority you're acting?"

"I'm under orders to sign you up. You've belonged to the teamsters since 1911 when the executive council of the A. F. of L. granted the teamsters jurisdiction of circulation employees."

"Where were the teamster organizers all these years?" one circulation man wanted to know. "We've been working twelve to fourteen hours a day for fifteen dollars per week until a couple of months ago when the Guild came along."

"Shut up!" explained Mr. Shaw.

"Mr. Anderson, this man is trying to force us out of our own union. The Wagner Act says we have a right to belong to a union of our own choosing. We have chosen the American Newspaper Guild and neither you nor the teamsters can legally interfere," said a guildsman, appealing to the circulation manager.

Mr. Anderson didn't say anything. He only grinned.

Mr. Shaw answered. "We don't recognize no law! I said I'd give you fifteen minutes. Well, it begins right now."

The boss teamster walked out of the room. The circulation manager followed him out.

The Seattle *Star* circulation employees were forced to choose. On their side was progressive unionism and the Wagner law. Opposing them was their employer, Dave Beck, and the A. F. of L. tories. A secret ballot was taken. Every vote was for the Guild. Two hours later the management removed these men from their jobs and teamsters were hired in their place.

Eighty-one percent of the Seattle *Star's* white-collar employees belonged to the Guild. The *Star* had fired all nineteen guildsmen in a department 100-percent organized. If the Guild was to exist as a union it had no alternative but to take a strike vote. When the *Star* refused to reinstate the men removed from their jobs or even retain them pending a labor board decision and would not agree to protect other departments from a similar raid, a strike was unanimously voted.

The Seattle *Star* strike was effective at the start. Picket lines closed the paper for four days. It reopened only after the Beck-controlled Seattle Central Labor Council sponsored a strike-breaking campaign. Charles Doyle, secretary of the Council, called the strike illegal, and the Guild—representing 81 percent of the employees and asking only for the rights guaranteed to them by the Wagner Labor Act—"a subversive minority." Officers of the Council joined with the employer in exerting pressure on city officials for police "protection" to reopen the *Star*. Guild picket lines were broken when not only the police but teamster "goon" squads "protected the property of the Seattle *Star*."

When the labor board hearing opened, an American Federation of Labor attorney acting for the teamsters' local sought to intervene. "The labor board has no jurisdiction," he argued. "The A. F. of L. will settle this matter in its own way."

"Al Capone hid under a union name to carry on a racket," said Harry Gross, the Guild's attorney. "This man represents interlopers who are here to run interference for the *Star*." The labor board denied the teamsters' petition for intervention.

THE most significant feature of the *Star* strike was this consistent A. F. of L. opposition to the Wagner Act. "Under no circumstances," said Dave Beck, "will I permit these men to choose their union through a labor board election."

Liberals and progressives who were shocked at this statement had only to look at the national scene to see that it was not the lone voice of a local labor chief speaking. Opposition to the Wagner Act may become a major national policy of the American Federation of Labor. But the success of their Seattle *Star* venture along this line will undoubtedly be reflected on the national scene.

The Seattle Newspaper Guild not only brought charges of an unfair labor practice against the Seattle *Star*, but appealed to the labor board for an election to determine collective bargaining representation on the Seattle *Star*. Tremendous political pressure was brought by the A. F. of L. to bear both on the

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labor board and the national administration to prevent such an election.

The A. F. of L. sought modification of the Wagner Act to exempt itself and its Dave Becks from operation of the law. It adopted a rule-or-ruin policy to achieve that end. Labor chiefs who did not blush at aiding the publishers to break up the Newspaper Guild of course did not hesitate to support the Liberty Leaguers in their current attack on the Wagner Act.

AFTER a seven months' battle, the *Star* strike ended on February 2 in a complete victory—a victory for the Guild, the C.I.O., and all progressive unionists. The *Star* paid $29,497 to the strikers in back wages, fired the scabs, and signed one of the best Guild contracts in the United States. The agreement is industrial union in principle, recognizing the Guild as the sole collective bargaining agency for the editorial, advertising, and business office divisions.

Jurisdiction in the circulation department, awarded to the Guild by the National Labor Relations Board, will be decided by the case now pending in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The nineteen circulation men, whose discharge precipitated the strike, were given full back pay and reëmployed at other work on the *Star,* pending the court decision.

The *Star* agreed to no "economy" reductions in the staff for six months, to severance pay up to fifteen weeks' wages, the five-day, forty-hour week in all departments, two weeks' vacation with pay, and preferential rehiring, which provides virtually a closed shop.

This victory is a splendid example of real working-class unity—trade unionists in the American Federation of Labor coöperating with their brothers on the C.I.O. picket line. It is a victory of trade-union unity over all the combined forces of reaction in the Northwest: Dave Beck and the teamster bosses; Mayor Dore and the reactionary city administration; and the newspaper publishers. The newspaper publishers and reactionary employers in the Northwest learned that the American Federation of Labor bosses couldn't sit behind closed doors and sell the labor movement. The people of Seattle learned that the C.I.O. unions were fighting for democracy in the labor movement, for the principle of the Wagner Act and the right of Americans to join a union of their own choosing, and supported them to victory.

★ ★ ★

Roar China!

Roar, China!
Roar, old lion of the East!
Snort fire, yellow dragon of the Orient,
Tired at last of being bothered.
Since when did you ever steal anything
From anybody,
Sleepy wise old beast
Known as the porcelain-maker,
Known as the poem-maker,
Known as maker of firecrackers?
A long time since you cared
About taking other people's lands
Away from them.
THEY must've thought you didn't care
About your own land either—
So THEY came with gunboats,
Set up Concessions,
Zones of influence,
International Settlements,
Missionary houses,
Banks,
And Jim Crow Y.M.C.A.'s.
THEY beat you with malacca canes
And dared you to raise your head—
Except to cut it off.
Even the yellow men came
To take what the white men
Hadn't already taken.
The yellow men dropped bombs on Chapei.
The yellow men called you the same names
The white men did:

Dog! Dog! Dog!
Coolie dog!
Red! . . . Lousy red!
Red coolie dog!

And in the end you had no place
To make your porcelain,
Write your poems,
Or shoot your firecrackers on holidays.
In the end you had no peace
Or calm left at all.
PRESIDENT, KING, MIKADO
Thought you really were a dog.
THEY kicked you daily
Via radiophone, via cablegram,
Via gunboats in the harbor,
Via malacca canes.
THEY thought you were a tame lion,
A sleepy, easy, tame old lion!
Ha! Ha!
Haaa-aa-a! . . . Ha!
Laugh, little coolie boy on the docks of Shanghai, laugh!
You're no tame lion.
Laugh, red generals in the hills of Siang-kiang, laugh!
You're no tame lion.
Laugh, child slaves in the factories of the foreigners!
You're no tame lion.
Laugh—and roar, China! Time to spit fire!
Open your mouth, old dragon of the East,
To swallow up the gunboats in the Yangtse!
Swallow up the foreign planes in your sky!
Eat bullets, old maker of firecrackers—
And spit out freedom in the face of your enemies!
Break the chains of the East,
Little coolie boy!
Break the chains of the East,
Red generals!
Break the chains of the East,
Child slaves in the factories!
Smash the iron gates of the Concessions!
Smash the pious doors of the missionary houses!
Smash the revolving doors of the Jim Crow Y.M.C.A.'s.
Crush the enemies of land and bread and freedom!
Stand up and roar, China!
You know what you want!
The only way to get it is
To take it!
Roar, China!

LANGSTON HUGHES.

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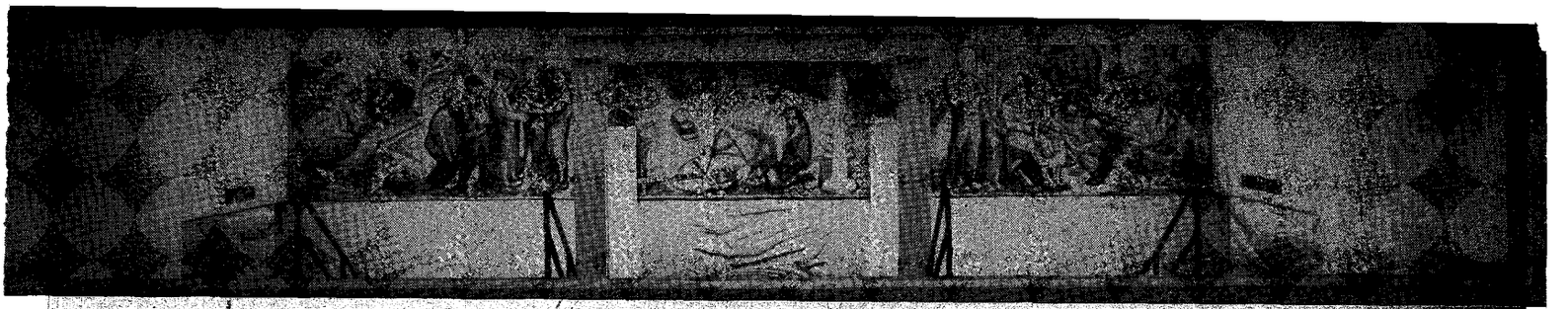

Subway Art

THE Public Use of Arts Committee of the United American Artists and the New York Federal Art Project are engaged on a program to beautify the subways of New York City. The five items on this page are part of an exhibition of fifty experimental works attempting to solve the æsthetic and, especially, the technical problems of art for the underground stations. They are on view at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.

At the top of the page: A three-dimensional model of a subway station designed and constructed for the exhibition by the New York Federal Art Project showing the placement of mural and sculpture. The miniature mural is by Helen West Heller.

Above: Hammered and pressed metals are an obvious possibility. Here is a hammered-brass panel by Ben Karp, a detail of a proposed larger work.

Above right: A head done in colored concrete by Max Ratsker, to show the possibility of this medium for the sculptural frieze.

Right: New York subway station walls are now almost entirely surfaced with tile. This design by Joseph Ringola is intended to be fired on that material.

Bottom right: A mural by Ruth Cheney to be executed in porcelain enamel. The painting is done in enamel on sheet iron and baked onto the metal. Several successful experimental details have been made with the facilities of a plant which makes the enamel station and direction signs now in use.

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READERS' FORUM

Two Hundred Thousand Strong

TO THE NEW MASSES:

HERE *is a copy of a letter from a friend of mine* whose name cannot be revealed. I am submitting it in the hope you will publish it as coming from an ordinary middle-class American who is beginning to see certain things for the first time—or at least, see them accurately. He is writing of the unemployment mass meeting in Detroit last Friday.

C. H.

[ENCLOSURE]

Dear ———.

Remember the night we hung over the edge of the Crawford House in Scollay Square and looked down on a milling mob during the Boston police strike? It seemed like quite a handful of people, didn't it?

This afternoon I looked down on nearly 200,000 from a height of sixteen stories. Shoulders merged—individuals were blurred. Colorful U.A.W. "overseas" caps of orange and blue—from our height it looked like a confetti-strewn stretch of a cinder track. More than two full city blocks of packed humanity, listening quietly to booming voices magnified by loudspeakers a fifth of a mile apart.

Although we were almost directly above the midmark of the long stretch we could barely distinguish the speakers. But how the roars, and boos, and occasional rumbling chuckles rolled up the canyon walls!

We appropriated a vacant office in the National Bank Building, sympathetic but aloof. And we looked across the chasm and saw that the entire fifteenth and sixteenth floor windows of an office building opposite were blue with uniformed cops. An excellent spot from which to drop tear bombs, if necessary.

But it wasn't necessary.

A gargantuan voice, "Vote against Ford, against a system which permits Detroit to admit a quarter of a million people on relief when hands are willing to work"—and there was applause for Governor Frank Murphy—and for a united labor front.

Labor elsewhere should do this. Adolph Germer, the old-timer, introduced as having known Sam Gompers in knee pants, urged that such mass meetings in other cities should be called.

It gives you something to think about, looking down upon 200,000 heads—of families. Not all of them, of course, are unemployed in Detroit. They came here from Flint, from the G. M. plant, from Chrysler's—and some, no doubt, from Ford's. They marched in, behind bands, singing and shouting, bearing banners. "Eating Comes Before Reading." They marched from Gratiot, from Woodward—up Bates and down Randolph.

They flowed into Cadillac Square and at three-thirty that vast area was packed like a north country lagoon, but the logs were living.

Two hundred thousand voices booed when Germer referred to a quoted answer Mayor Reading gave a New York *Times* reporter recently when asked what Detroit's most important forthcoming event would be—"Henry Ford's seventy-fifth birthday."

It doesn't seem possible that Henry did not feel the rumble of that "Boo."

Martin called for a C.I.O. boycott of the *Free Press,* and a wave of approving cheers surged up the plate-glass windows. A dozen references were made to this sheet, so unfriendly to labor, by different speakers, but I observed no notice taken of them in its report of the meeting.

The meeting broke up just before six o'clock with the singing of "Solidarity." Almost solidly they had stood there during a raw winter afternoon, since three o'clock. These are a patient people!

They listened, they roared in approval and booed in disapproval. Where else than in an American crowd, however, would a speech be broken into with the booming announcement, "Call for Mr. Woolovich! Your wife says to meet her after the meeting in front of the Family Theatre."

It's easy to get up a parade in America. But somehow I didn't get the impression that this was simply a parade. I mingled with the outskirts of the crowd. There were serious faces. Some lined but clean; others, young, greasy, straight from work to join other workers now out of a job.

A serious business, this getting a job, holding a job, buying bread and butter. This isn't the America we read about in school books where, if our forefathers couldn't make enough money on the farm, they went to the city—or left the city for the West.

Where can these men go? It doesn't appear that they are going, as individuals, to seek a new way toward fortune. But they are coming together, meeting, 200,000 strong.

A lot of energy dammed up in 200,000 hearts and bodies.

Two hundred thousand pairs of feet tramping somewhere in unison and tempo could crush another Niagara Bridge. And maybe, sometime, they'll decide to cross bridges and burn them if they don't crumple.

Detroit, Feb. 4.

A Little Strong Meat?

TO THE NEW MASSES:

ENCLOSED find a letter which I sent to the Boston *Evening Transcript* in regard to the investigation of Communism by the Massachusetts legislature. I enclose the editor's letter in reply.

Waltham, Mass. W. R. JOHNSTON.

[ENCLOSURE]

To the Boston *Evening Transcript*:

The commission to investigate Communism and other subversive activities was initiated by a Jewish member of the legislature, and consisted of nine members, three senators, three representatives, and three appointees of the governor. The chairman was Senator Sybil Holmes. Most of the early sessions were devoted to the Communists.

A revealing instance occurred when the author of the commission asked Earl Browder who the "Boogawazzies" were. The witness said he never heard of them, amid a general surprise. Someone began to titter. Finally the chairman explained, "He means bourgeoisie." Another bad break by Senator Burke, who represented the Vatican on the commission, was when he accused a witness of wishing "to liquefy the church." Another of these learned gentlemen twitted a witness with not "talking English good." Under this intelligent inquisition a plagiarist became a "paganist" and "anonymous" was twisted to "unanimous."

Now this amazing display of ignorance only cost the taxpayers $3000, and the same aggregation is fishing after $3000 more to further air their ignorance; which reminds me of an examination for the position of teacher in what the old-timers down east used to term a "deestrick" school. The applicant for the position—a bright young fellow—was put through a stiff examination in everything the committee—which consisted of two members and a chairman—could think of, much of it having no relation to teaching school. Finally they decided that he was competent, and engaged him. The young man thanked them, and turning to the chairman, asked if he could ask the committee a question. After considering awhile, they allowed that he might.

"Well," said the teacher, "what in the opinion of the honorable committee should be the punishment of a man who commits arson?" One thought he ought to be hanged, another thought he should get ten years, but the chairman pulled out a red bandana and after blowing his nose noisily, looked up and wheezed in a raucous voice, "Perhaps my learned brethren may be right, but myself, I think he ought to marry the girl."

I think this old chairman of the district school committee is entitled to an honorable seat in the Massachusetts legislature.

W. R. JOHNSTON.

[ENCLOSURE]

My dear Mr. Johnston:

I like this letter but I also know how panicky some of our readers get when they find a little strong meat in the columns of the *Transcript.* In this instance discretion is probably the better part of valor.

With many regrets, I am

Yours very truly,

HENRY T. CLAUS.

Boston *Evening Transcript.*

Great Expectations

TO THE NEW MASSES:

A BOOKLET issued by the New York *Post* describing a series of reproductions of paintings which the *Post* is distributing states of me, "... his earnings sometimes reaching $100 000 a year."

Since my earnings have never reached beyond a small fraction of that, I take the *Post's* statement to have been intended as an announcement of what is to be rather than of what has been, the sentence having been intended to read: "His earnings some time *will* reach $100,000 a year." Whether or not the *Post* intends to reimburse me to the tune of $100,000 a year for its appropriation without my consent of the reproduction and distribution rights to my painting, I like to take the *Post's* amended statement as a true prediction.

On that basis, I invite the NEW MASSES to rejoice with me. When my earnings reach half what the *Post* has announced, I promise the NEW MASSES a gift of $2000, the Communist Party $2000, the Artists' Congress $2000, the Salamina Fund in Greenland $5000, and several more thousands of dollars to be distributed among the various organizations with which I am associated.

In fact, a lot of people may rejoice. I'll buy my wife a fur coat, myself a suit, my secretary, to whom I am dictating this, a Packard (she says she wants one), and to my many children and grandchildren I'll say with money what a wealthy progenitor should say.

ROCKWELL KENT.

Ausable Forks, N. Y.

Mary Whitefield

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BOOK REVIEWS

Document and Poetry

U. S. 1, *by Muriel Rukeyser. Covici Friede.* $2.

THE critic of poetry who wishes to be serious, instead of sentimental, has assumed a twin responsibility. The one is to the poet, to urge him to turn his speech toward the common life of America, where he will find roots for his talent; and the other, and this applies especially to *U. S. 1,* is to provoke readers into a state of sensitivity which will permit them to enjoy poetry of a higher grade than some may desire. Each aim is dependent on the success of the other, and the critic must not allow himself to be swerved from this balance.

Miss Rukeyser is not always a plain poet, yet her volume, in this reviewer's opinion, is a triumph for the whole left movement; it deserves our study and applause. Half the poems are in one sequence, the tragedy of silicosis at Gauley Bridge, W. Va., which she approaches with a full sense of its seriousness and depth. She sees, in the midst of the country of

> perfect cliffs ranging until the river
> cuts sheer, mapped far below in delicate tract,
> surprise of grace, the water running in the sun,

the terrible story of the two thousand men who breathed glass: "this fact and this disease."

In approaching these facts, Miss Rukeyser desired to utilize the records of questions and answers, discovering the extraordinary movement of factual document, which proceeds almost dully, then turns and strikes at you with the abrupt violence of the event itself. Documents, skillfully cut, do have a poetic force. But the poet has made an error, this reviewer feels, in not marking off the documents clearly from the body of the poem. Instead, they are divided into lines as if they were poetry—badly phrased poetry, for their internal rhythms conflict with the more rapid and pulse-like beat of poetry; or, very often, the poem itself is converted to factual uses:

> High school Chicago
> Univ. of Illinois 1903
> M.A. 1905, thesis on respiration

and so on, for many lines. The problem is clearest in the poem "Gauley Bridge." Compare: "The little boy runs with his dog/up the street to the bridge over the river where/nine men are mending road for the government," with the much more accurate:

> Railway tracks here and many panes of glass
> tin under light, the grey shine of towns and forests.

The solution is not always the assimilation of factual material into the body of the poem—sometimes it is better frankly to isolate it.

Nevertheless, the conception as a whole has a monumentality which is the base of such a beautiful poem as "The Book of the Dead," of long passages which match the dignity of the idea, and lines constructed with brilliant ornamentation of inner rhymes:

> the flourished land, peopled with watercourses
> to California and the colored sea.

On the whole, there is little in this book of the images of childhood that obsessed so many poems in *Theory of Flight,* her earlier volume.

After the Gauley Bridge sequence there is a group of poems evolved from a conflict much more interior, sprung out of a self-twisted passion, "pitching and frothing," faced but not analyzed; strange lines full of rushing images, "the bursting eye, the open nostril," shadows glimpsed from a speeding automobile, "Lover As Fox," "Burning Bush," poems of nightmare and night-thought, "You, maniac, catalept!" In this group only, one encounters a kind of tropic mysticism of sex ("The Birthday," for example): "birth among burning," or the cold and internal symbolism of "Woman and Bird":

> Quarrel, wings; if I travel,
> bird stays—stand, bird flies.

which reads like another poet than the one who describes the descent into a turbine pit:

> heels beating on iron, cold of underground,
> stairs, wire flooring, the voice's hollow cry.

Personal poems are created after private events, yet their result has a wider human significance:

> We wound past armies of strangers, waving love's
> thin awkward plant among a crowd of salesmen.

It is the posture of a sensitive person thrust forward without warning into a "mad vindictive time," an intelligence set free and reactive—after a middle-class childhood busy

"It must be that Walter Lippmann column I read this morning."

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with colorful and absorbing events—into the adult modern world, full of glare, ugliness, abuse of power, 500-kilo bombs, and the fragments of children's bodies. Hence the conflict, in these personal poems, of the internal, the inside-of-the-house, with the "immense street" outside; of "going to bed at night and at last sleeping" with "cruelty on awaking." "The Cruise" is an immense scenario of the same revulsion, the story of a ship which set out on a world tour and could find no safe port because there was war in every burning harbor.

Miss Rukeyser's greatest successes are in the field of real events and real images. She has the technical range to grasp them, from the sublime:

> Rivers are turning inside their mountains . . .
> Steep gorge, the wedge of crystal in the sky

to the catty and sardonic:

> The dull girls with the educated minds and technical passions—
> pure love was their employment,
> they tried it for enjoyment.
> Meet them at the boat: they've brought the souvenirs of boredom,
> a seashell from the faltering monarchy.

She has the precision of epithet which convinces one, for a moment, that poetry is the most exact of the arts. In poems like "Alloy," "Power," "A Child Asleep," and brilliant sustained passages of "The Dam," we hear the accent of a major American poet. In these poems she has faced her own conflict, the tragic necessity of the artist to record our bloody era without flinching.

> What do you want—a cliff over a city?
> A foreland, sloped to the sea and overgrown with roses?
> These people live here.

DAVID WOLFF.

Confederate Heroism

THE UNVANQUISHED, *by William Faulkner. Random House.* $2.50.

EVER since Faulkner wrote the opening chapters of *Sartoris* in 1929, it has been clear that he would some day write the book. Of all the families with which he has peopled his Jefferson, Miss.—the Snopeses, Sutpens, Compsons, Benbows, and so on—only the Sartorises command his admiration. In general he is as complete a skeptic as our age has produced, but he retains an enthusiasm for Confederate heroes almost as unadulterated as that of Margaret Mitchell or Stark Young. And the Sartorises are the embodiment of Confederate heroism.

The Unvanquished is for the most part made up of stories that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post,* and that too seems appropriate, because this is almost the only theme on which Faulkner could write in a way that would be satisfactory to *Post* readers. Not that these tales are free from gruesomeness, for "Vendee" is as brutal a piece as he has ever written, but they are cloaked with a glamour that he can summon up only when he is writing of the Old South. The dashing splendor of the narrator's father, the romantic (and incredible) audacity of his grandmother, and the general atmosphere of chivalry have their appeal to persons whose lives are unsplendid, unaudacious, and certainly unchivalrous.

The best of the stories—they have unity enough to be called a novel if the publishers insist—is "An Odor of Verbena," which has not been published before. In this study of conflicts, baffling emotions, and strange decisions there is some of the insight that made it worth our while to puzzle our way through *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying.* But for the most part the book is unpleasantly close to the general level of the Stars and Bars school.

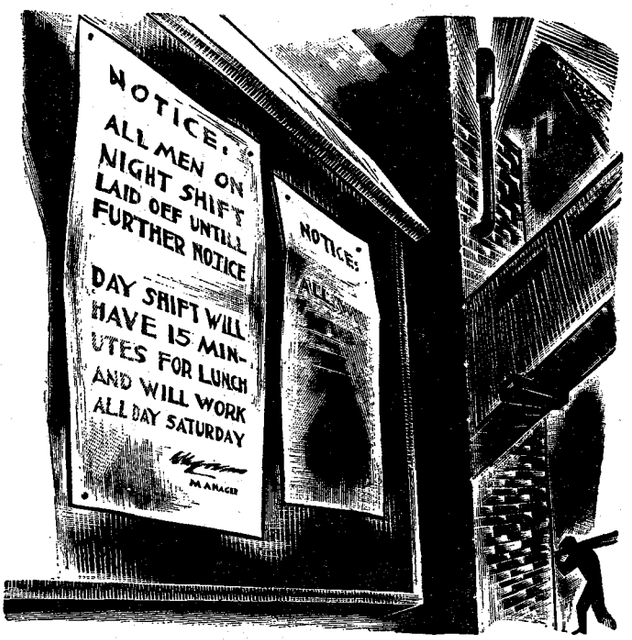
In one respect, however, it is quite unlike any other Confederate novel. In *Soldier's Pay,* his first novel, Faulkner hinted at a deep hatred of war. The hint recurs in *The Unvanquished,* rather surprisingly since the book is intended to glorify the Confederate dead. It is in no sense the book's theme, and it does not save Faulkner from the charge of triviality, but it is there, reminding us that there is more in the man than he has allowed to appear in his recent novels.

With every book he writes Faulkner becomes a more complex problem. But unfortunately with every book the incentive to try to solve the problem diminishes. Certainly *The Unvanquished* does not do much to encourage us, but it does make us conscious that this is one more tragedy of frustration, and a very real one. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Novel in Woodcuts

VERTIGO, *by Lynd Ward. Random House.* $3.

NO one can impute to Lynd Ward a narrowness, a one-sidedness in his treatment of the capitalist. Ward's capitalist is a man of many interests. He patronizes art, attends concerts, unveils monuments, distributes charity, goes to church. At the same time Ward remembers that besides being a God-fearing, benevolent, æsthetic "elderly gentleman," the capitalist is also—and before everything else—a capitalist, a member of a class whose function in society is to "serve," *i.e.,* to draw profits. Hence, when in 1929 profits begin to decline, we are not in the least surprised to find the old gent in full command of every technological innovation designed to deal with "labor trouble" and preserve profits. He dismisses part of his working force, reduces wages, plants stool-pigeons in his factory, introduces the stagger system. As labor resistance stiffens, he deputizes thugs, supplies them with booze and blackjacks so they can slug workers, break up their headquarters, and scatter their demonstrations. Finally he requests and gets government troops whose gas bombs and bayonets turn the trick. Modern technique triumphs. Profits begin to climb upward.


NOTICE!
ALL MEN ON NIGHT SHIFT LAID OFF UNTILL FURTHER NOTICE
DAY SHIFT WILL HAVE 15 MINUTES FOR LUNCH AND WILL WORK ALL DAY SATURDAY
MANAGER
NOTICE!

Woodcut by Lynd Ward from *Vertigo*

Ward skillfully indicates how the system of which the "elderly gentleman" is chief beneficiary determines in innumerable ways the fate of the Boy and the Girl and their families: how the Girl is frustrated in her ambition to achieve a musical career, how her father loses his job, tramps the streets, attempts suicide; how her sweetheart, the Boy, is forced to take to the road, vainly seeking his fortune across the country, narrowly escaping a career of crime. 1929, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34, '35—eviction, pawn shop, relief station.

There is one element in this otherwise consistent tale which seems to be at odds with the whole tenor of the book. We have seen the capitalist in action and we know what he would do in a given situation when his interests are at stake. On the other hand, the Boy and the Girl, sensitive and intelligent, thwarted in their affections and careers, go through several years of post-depression horror without once becoming aware of the social meaning implied in their experiences, withou

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finding—without even seeking—the reason for their plight.

For the rest the author's own views are clearly enough reflected in the satirization of the finks, nobles, and our economic royalist himself; in the sympathetic portrayal of the workers; further, in the choice of particular events and the manner of representing them. This is, of course, where technique and composition enter. By emphasis on certain details and elimination of others, by special arrangement of light and shade, scenes are visualized at a glance and events made dramatic and absorbing (coming of a Red Cross ambulance, busses taking scabs to factory, Boy amidst telegraph poles, scene of eviction and others). Ward has an ability to render the atmosphere, the character of a scene: the swank of a financier's office, the highway cluttered by signboards, the chill rigidity of the financial district, the garishness of Luna Park, the dark home by the "L."

From a purely technical standpoint, from the standpoint of mastery of the medium, nothing superior is being done in the American woodcut today. Every technical device—white lines on black, black lines on white, dots, cross hatch, fine linear shading—are employed freely, sometimes several in the same picture.

Compositionally Ward has always depended on extremes of contrast: violent opposition of light and dark, of big and small, of far and near; violent foreshortening from above and below; violent movement. These repeated contrasts are considerably subdued in *Vertigo*, resulting in higher effectiveness and æsthetic quality. There are scenes which are in themselves effective—some even lyrical—outside of their relation to the story. Within its own field, the novel in pictures, which has such an outstanding pioneer as Masereel, *Vertigo* should be accorded a high place.

LOUIS LOZOWICK.

Personal History

ONE AMERICAN AND HIS ATTEMPT AT EDUCATION, *by Frazier Hunt. Simon & Schuster.* $3.

FRAZIER HUNT'S *One American* is the autobiography of a man who in his fifty-odd years of life has seen as much history in the making as any of his vigorous American newspaper contemporaries. Moreover, he has done his bit in helping to make it; on at least two occasions he "scooped the world," bringing into the focus of public opinion facts which had an immediate effect on American foreign policy.

Hunt will be remembered not so much for his scoop on the Versailles treaty, for which as he says he received more credit than was due him, but for his other—what he terms "The Great Scoop." In 1919 he sent out dispatches from Soviet Russia and from the Siberian front with General Graves that played their part in putting a stop to intervention. For this he will

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Earl Browder has just returned from an eight-week tour of Europe. He attended the Ninth Congress of the Communist Party of France, at Arles, where Communist representatives from all over the world reported on situations in their respective countries. The first article was written on the boat as Browder returned home.

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H. LEVY is Professor of Mathematics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology in London, Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, member of the research staff of the National Physical Laboratory, formerly Chairman of the Science Advisory Committee of the Labour Party, and one of the editors of the Marxian quarterly, *Science and Society*.

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be remembered by a grateful Russian people as one of those Americans with enough initiative and honesty to get at the truth of what was taking place in their young Soviet republic and to broadcast these facts to a world being fed on fantastic horror stories by white-guard emigrés.

Hunt traveled next to India, interviewing Gandhi, to China where he talked with Chiang Kai-shek, to the Philippines, Mexico, Japan; to Ireland after the Sinn Fein rebellion, to Turkey and Central Europe. He was on the spot wherever people were in revolt. On the whole he saw and reported with a sympathetic and colorful, if not always acute, eye.

For the warmth of his approach to these struggling peoples he gives credit to the lasting effect of what he learned those months in Soviet Russia, and to the philosophical arguments he used to have in the pre-war years as a small-town editor with a Swedish shoemaker who was a Socialist. From these two sources he learned to look behind the outward dramatic events to what he terms "the longings of the little people."

Then came a period in the gilded twenties when Hunt started to work for Ray Long and Hearst's *International* and *Cosmopolitan*. Hunt puts the matter frankly: "I had ceased being a crusader. In a small way I was one of the boys. . . . The goose hung high." He wrote highly colored blurbs about Europe's royal families. Then the inevitable period of disgust set in. Hunt attempted to escape the world by retiring to a Canadian ranch. But he was too vigorous a man to stay inactive, too close to the people to remain subservient to the Hearst interests. Today he gives his support to Roosevelt's domestic policies and the C.I.O.

Yet there are certain confusions that remain in Frazier Hunt's book and in the man himself, confusions so dangerous that in all friendliness we ask him to clear them up. The first concerns Hitler and the Nazi regime. Not Hunt, the crusading people's reporter, but a highly paid Hearst hack writing on assignment penned the melodramatic chapter on Hitler and a Nazi demonstration in Berlin. Why did Hunt pull this dangerous trash out of his files to include in his book? In all the phrase-mongering about Germany's recovered destiny, is it an accident that nowhere is there any of Hunt's usual insight into the longings and suffering of the people?

The people were not part of Hearst's assignment. With fascism threatening the entire world it behooves a reporter of Hunt's caliber to see clearly and to speak out.

To sidestep this prime issue of our time, to plead as he does in the closing paragraphs of his book for America to dream but stand aloof —as though this were possible when Hitler, Mussolini, and the Japanese militarists are attempting to grab the earth—is a tragic contradiction of all the earlier Frazier Hunt stood for. A man cannot live on his past.

Hunt has titled his book *One American and His Attempt at Education*. He indicates that the attempt at education is still going on. Frazier Hunt's biggest assignment lies ahead: the peoples of the earth against the war-makers, the people against their destroyers. When he undertakes this job America will remember him with lasting gratitude as a reporter who did his part to the very end in helping the people make history go their way.

MYRA PAGE.

Martha Graham: Revolutionary Dancer

MARTHA GRAHAM, *edited by Merle Armitage. Designed Book, Los Angeles.* $3.

FOR twelve years Martha Graham has pointed the direction of the modern dance, and the best of our younger revolutionary dancers carry on through the technique she has taught them.

Nor does her work end with her dancing. She set the pace for the dance world by refusing to participate in the Nazi Olympics and dance festival; she is a member of the anti-Nazi literature organ; she participates actively for the passage of the Fine Arts Bill. Entirely timely and thoroughly deserved, therefore, is this tribute which Merle Armitage has edited in a beautifully designed and illustrated book.

Roughly the volume can be divided into three sections. First there is a short biographical sketch and an excellent bibliography of the dancer's concerts, compositions, tours, etc. Second, there are the usual appreciations. Lincoln Kirstein, who directs the Ballet Caravan, has written a rather courageous confessional, coming from the traditional ballet bias to a careful appraisal of the modern dance. Wallingford Riegger, composer, wants Ameri-

John Heliker

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can capital to do something about preserving "such distillation of sheer beauty, such economy yet wealth of means, such mastery of technique, clarity of thinking," which he ascribes to Martha Graham's work. Otherwise, the appreciations, as is usual in such cases, fall into the category of the purely personal, ecstatic and useless.

The third section is devoted to a number of attempts to explain the dancer's art, explanations that snag for the most part in excessive æsthetic verbiage. James Johnson Sweeney makes a brave attempt at historical analysis; the psychoanalysts, Jung and Adler, are brought in by Roy Hargrave; and Louis Danz gets himself involved in a completely muddy piece of mystic tautology. Martha Graham, herself, supplies the simplest and most direct insight into her work. "The function of the dance is communication," she writes; and "Great art never ignores human values." Her expansion on the theme hasn't the clarity it might have, but since it was written, a year ago, Martha Graham has gone a long way in the clarification of her own ideas on the questions of human values and communication. In the last year she composed her anti-imperialist *Chronicle* and the dramatic *Immediate Tragedy,* of which Lincoln Kirstein writes: "The battle of Spain is *the* immediate tragedy of our lives. . . . (Martha Graham) has erased the means of her art to give us a positive declaration, a revelation of catastrophe and ultimate control."

This is the only reference in the book (with the exception of Wallingford Riegger's note) to the most important contributions of the dancer. And this is principally where the book falls short. There is little that ties up the dancer with her people. On the contrary, the effect of the various papers is to isolate her. An essay on her early *Strike, Steerage,* on her *Frontier* and *American Provincials,* as well as on her more recent social commentaries, could have pointed the book considerably. In other words, in over fifteen essays the historical critical approach is completely missing.

It is especially unfortunate here inasmuch as this is the first book (and good for all its faults) on a contemporary American dancer.

OWEN BURKE.

"The Modern Greek Is . . ."

FOREVER ULYSSES, *by C. P. Rodocanachi. Viking Press.* $2.50.

THE modern Greek, according to C. P. Rodocanachi, is astute; a born gambler; a sailor by profession, necessity, or atavism; thirsty for knowledge; flattered by ignorance; remarkable for deft hands; subtle; treacherous; insulting; a born entrepreneur; sonorous; lyrical; not lyrical; repentant; humble; aggressive; attracted by Paris; awed by academic degrees; attracted by the written word; disdainful of the writings of his countrymen; critical; gregarious; respectable; and fortunate.

In every case the reader of *Forever Ulysses* will find these adjectives and adjectivial phrases appended to some sentence beginning "The modern Greek is . . ." Between them is the story of Ulysses, a Greek peasant boy who grew up to be Sir Basil Zaharoff. You're lucky if you can follow him as he makes and loses fortunes among the satraps of Asia Minor and northern Africa, playing one petty principality off against another, and British imperialism off against all of them. The story becomes more credible when he arrives in America, makes a fortune in cigarettes, and finally becomes the mystery man of the armaments industry. The style represents the quintessence of "slick" writing in popular fiction, and the content reminds one of the adventures of Captain John Smith, Hajji Baba, and Dumas, *père.* Indeed, one whole scene is lifted from the *Count of Monte Cristo.*

Far more annoying, however, are the above-mentioned statements about national characteristics. They are unqualified and unexplained. And they are the sentences which, I imagine, have provided the bourgeois critics with reasons for hailing Rodocanachi as something of a successor to Homer and Joyce and *Forever Ulysses* as the epic of the modern Greek. This sort of thing is not only sociologically absurd but is cheap and inferior as a literary method.

R. H. ROVERE.

Brief Review

JAPAN DEFIES THE WORLD, *by James A. B. Scherer. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $2.50.

One is first tempted to dismiss Dr. Scherer's latest effort as typical literary froth that comes to the surface in the wake of great historical events. Froth it appears to be both in style and in some of its pet propositions. The book rambles on from ancient history to a meeting with geishas, from the big trusts to the old emperors, always with a straining toward "low-down" and an over-simplification that amounts to stultification. Thus we are told that there is a hidden dictator in Japan whom nobody but Dr. Scherer has been able to identify: General Jiro Minami, governor-general of Korea. Not the slightest effort is made to prove the point, but that does not in the least inhibit Dr. Scherer's excitement about his discovery. Or we are told that fascism is old stuff in Japan, in fact, for six hundred and fifty years before the imperial restoration of 1868. Despite this, Dr. Scherer defines fascism as a "military dictatorship imposed on a capitalistic state by force of arm"—which would place capitalism in Japan more than seven hundred years ago.

From all this it might be gathered that there is a good deal to be desired about *Japan Defies the World.* The only saving grace is that Dr. Scherer did teach in Japan for many years and did pick up many things that are sure to instruct, amuse, and disturb strangers to Japan. He knows enough to warn "Americans to remember that when the three tyrants [Hitler, Mussolini, and Minami] announce that they will war on Communism, they mean democracy." He certainly could have written a better book; but, granted his experience and study, he could hardly have written a less satisfactory one.

T. D.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Drama with the Right Instincts

THERE is a touching scene in Robert Ardrey's *How to Get Tough About It* (produced by Guthrie McClintic) in which two lonely young people utter their deepest longings and express their bewilderment and resentment of a world which denies them any kind of fulfillment. Dan Grimshaw, who builds boats (when he has customers), and Kitty, who waits on tables (when she has a job), are decent kids with the right instincts; they want jobs and homes and kids and gardens, and they don't like the idea of scabbing on their pals in the cement-mill, who are on strike. But they have no idea of how to get the things they want or of why they can't get them, and so they take the gangster's way and the scab's way, only to turn back in revulsion and decide to worry along together somehow, and to be tough about things, but not too tough.

In drawing these two characters Mr. Ardrey shows that he too has the right instincts, although he tends at times to make both Kitty and Dan morons for comedy purposes. But instinct is not enough, and without direction and knowledge it can lead the writer in precisely the opposite direction from which he intended.

In addition, Mr. Ardrey seems to be hampered by the artistic credo that to bring such actualities as the C.I.O., the W.P.A., the National Youth Administration, the struggle for labor organization and relief and unemployment insurance, into a play would be indulging in untheatrical "propaganda." He therefore poses his characters in a social vacuum, with unfortunate results. His strike is a gangster-run affair: Matt Grogan, the strike leader, wears a slouch hat and a yellow tie and is an A-one louse, in moral as well as union matters. (The lady behind me whispered with obvious relish, "He looks just like a C.I.O. organizer.") The workers are stupid and carefree; they have no idea why they are striking and appear not to care, and they are quite unresentful when their friend Dan turns scab: "We're the little men, Dan—we're privates—so what the hell? As far as striking or scabbing goes, what's the difference to us?" The employer is a tired old man who didn't want to fight with his men until outside agitators came in from the East (applause from the audience). There is no hint that a strike may be legitimate, a union democratic, a union organizer anything but a racketeer, and this in "an industrial district on lower Lake Michigan."

There are some good laughs in *How to Get Tough About It.* Mr. Ardrey has a talent for character and incident and for colorful dialogue, although his play is as incoherent as his thinking. But he is either viciously anti-labor or simply ignorant, and ignorance nowadays is awfully dangerous. He would therefore do well to inform himself concerning some of the interesting trends in American life today, which are bringing hope to hundreds of thousands of Kittys and Dan Grimshaws. Meanwhile we await with curiosity his forthcoming play, *Casey Jones,* to be presented by the Group Theatre, hoping that the Group has succeeded in teaching Mr. Ardrey a few of the facts of life, which Guthrie McClintic apparently does not know either.

ELEANOR FLEXNER.

Recently Recommended Plays

One-Third of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The Federal Theatre's new Living Newspaper successfully dramatizes the case for low-cost housing, pointing its lesson with careful evidence and witty candor. One of the "musts" of the season.

The Shoemaker's Holiday (National, N. Y.). Orson Welles's inspired staging of Dekker's uproarious farce, with its rich, bawdy humor and its gusto for a democratic, warless life. Put this on your "must" list. Alternates with *Julius Caesar.*

The Cradle Will Rock (Windsor, N. Y.). Marc Blitzstein's satiric operetta, a dynamic, pungent work which brings music to grips with reality.

A Doll's House (Morosco, N. Y.). Ibsen's drama of frustrated womanhood in a charming revival.

Pins and Needles (Labor Stage, N. Y.). This I.L.G.W.U. production is the brightest, most sparkling revue in many a season. Social significance at its entertaining best.

Of Mice and Men (Music Box, N. Y.). John Steinbeck's warm novel of friendship between workers expertly dramatized and extremely well acted.

Julius Caesar (National, N. Y.). Orson Welles's production of the Shakespearean play in modern clothes and with an anti-fascist slant is one of the highlights of the current season.

A Documentary of Soviet Russia

AS a documentary film, *Russia Marches On* is handicapped by faulty photography, especially in the early shots; by a poorly recorded and monotonous sound track; and by injudicious editing of a wealth of material, much of it unique and valuable. The scheme of the film is all to the good: it sets out to prove Soviet advances by contrast; contrasts of new with old; contrasts of special circumstances in the U.S.S.R. with situations elsewhere. Unfortunately, the contrasts are not clear and sharp; the footage has been assembled from a variety of sources and was neither designed nor edited to work into this scheme. The continuity, therefore, depends too heavily on the spoken commentary by Charles Francis Drake; and since he must assert what is not demonstrated in the film, the total effect is more of preachment than of document.

Documentaries need more than original material to be good. The best war shots in the world would not yield a good short unless properly edited and logically conceived. Style is part of content. Awkwardness of style can be extremely damaging. For example, Drake observes in a foreword that "the fall of the Romanovs is the greatest event in world history since the fall of Rome." This figure of speech may be alliterative—but that is a high cost to pay for an image that contradicts the spirit of the idea it is intended to convey. Again, Drake chances to catch a shot of an octopus in a seacoast scene. He promptly bludgeons attention with a reminder that czarism was, too, a sort of octopus. Here again, a pun is gained, a bald assertion is made—but the verity of the whole film is damaged. The spirit of *Russia Marches On* is laudable; its political content is liberal and intelligent; but, except for the novel sequences which show the progress of the Tadjiks in the Soviet against the backwardness of their brother-tribesmen, the Pamirs of Afghanistan, the picture is not an important contribution to Soviet document.

Ever since a band of White Russians collected damages because of purported libels against them in a film about Rasputin, the motion picture companies have been careful to signify that their stories have nothing to do with any human being, living or dead. Despite its title, *The Affairs of Maupassant* (at the 55th Street Playhouse) has nothing to

Recently Recommended Movies

Goldwyn Follies. The Ritz brothers and an imposing list of stars join to make this as amusing a variety show as any you've seen.

The Dybbuk. A touching film of Jewish life under the influence of cabalistic doctrines.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Walt Disney's first full-length film makes delightful entertainment for children and adults alike.

The River. A government documentary on land erosion, with some thrilling sequences and a telling message.

Boy of the Streets. A more sincere and convincing film of the slums than any of its predecessors, it makes a plea for better housing as a means of obviating crime.

True Confession. Insane comedy mixed with brilliant satire that is at all times amusing.

Young Pushkin. A moving tale of the youth of Russia's greatest poet and of his early revolt against the stifling atmosphere of court life.

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do with human beings, living or dead—or in any other condition. As a romantic fable, it might be charming, its Parisian flavor (made in Austria) and tragic denouement reciprocating to intensify each other. But its flagrant abuse of historic facts and personages puts it beyond the pale of legitimacy.

Though it is hokum, *Of Human Hearts* taps some rich folk roots to get its effects. The trite story of a son heedless of his mother's sacrifices is laid in a beautifully realistic pioneer village on the Ohio in the fifties. The theme is necessarily sentimental in a world where childhood is a form of parasitism: hokum is morality robed in sentiment. The folklore exhibited by Director Clarence Brown is far from the false folksiness of Meredith Nicholson. It is a studied account of "the idiocy of the village" accentuated by the harsh conditions of pioneer economy. The meanness of the village is summed up in the character of the storekeeper (Guy Kibbee), a sort of early American kulak. A profound religious note dominates the first half of the picture, constructed around the circuit rider, Walter Huston, whose able performance is abetted by his austere facial architecture.

This is another of those pictures in which Abraham Lincoln is exhumed to speak the punchline—this time, a homily on the virtue of writing home at least once each week. A horse named Pilgrim is a far more successful actor in this morality play: being a pacific beast, by nature opposed to violence, Pilgrim appears in several touching scenes to champ for peace. Bradbury Foote's dialogue is crisp and crackles with authentic idiom. The love interest (Ann Rutherford) has been subdued to a whisper, which whispers well for the story. James Stewart's relations with the village medico (who is also the village drunk), Charles Coburn, provide a tributary stream of sentiment. The music by Herbert Stothart is twined around weasel-popping tunes of the time.

SIDNEY KAUFMAN.

Bach Forerunners and Moderns

PAUL BOEPPLE'S flair for significant program-making and the yeoman work he has been doing with the Dessoff Choirs were exhibited for the first time this season in a concert of sacred music from Schütz to Bach (Town Hall, February 1). His various forces are unequally developed (I should have liked to have heard more of the talented Motet Singers and less of the Adesdi Women's Chorus), and it took them some time to get warmed up. They really began to sing with the Schütz *Psalm 84,* an extraordinary work well worth the repetition it was given after the intermission. And it was overshadowed by the Motet Singers' performance of Buxtehude's *Missa Brevis,* the only work of its kind by the great predecessor of Bach. The previous compositions, interesting as they were,

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revealed the essential weakness of early seventeenth-century German choral writing. The old fluidity and winged polyphony of the sixteenth-century giants had been lost, and the tentative application of new instrumental techniques was not to result in any truly great writing until Bach. The three great "S's" (Schütz, Schein, Scheidt) and Rosenmüller loom large in the history books, but they had the misfortune to work in a period of transition; in comparison with Victoria, Palestrina, and the Elizabethans they wrote mighty stodgily and mechanically, unfortunately setting a style that dogged German music for centuries. Buxtehude, however, Germanic as he was in much of his work, harked back to the Roman school in his *Short Mass;* while he couldn't quite reach the old heights, he soared high.

Bach's *Der Geist hilft unsrer Schwachheit auf* that climaxed this concert is—like all his motets—an extremely difficult work to sing (indeed it's debatable whether it should be performed without accompaniment), but Boepple did extremely well, particularly with the exciting double fugue. He couldn't hide the weaknesses of his singers' tonal qualities in the final chorale, but then, anyone who has ever heard it done by the Thomanerchor, either at Leipzig or on the Polydor record, has an ideal performance (and an ideal standard for choral singing) beside which every other version is perforce disappointing.

Through more or less rose-colored glasses: Anis Fuleihan playing his concerto for piano and string orchestra with the National Orchestral Association under Barzin (Carnegie Hall, January 24) and the renewed conviction that here is one pianist who can not only write for and play his own instrument but who can really score for strings. There's a lot of meat here, and I'm glad to see that it promises to win a solid place for itself: the score is soon to be published by Schirmer's and next month it will be introduced in London by Kathleen Long with Boyd Neel's Orchestra.

Charles Seeger lectured on "American Folk Song and the Labor Movement" (Downtown Music School, January 30) and my grouching that folk music should be sung and not talked about is forgotten when he begins to play the records he's made in the field. I'm divided between delight in his superb material and anger that it's not better known. How about a record concert, Mr. Seeger (no lecture—the singers speak for themselves), and what are the chances for publishing some of the songs themselves? Here is a musical gold mine that few musicians or organizers seem to know anything about. A medal to the Downtown Music School for starting the ball roll-

Alice Solomon

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ing and another for their courses by Marc Blitzstein on "Music in Relation to the Theater" and Hanns Eisler on "Orchestration."

Webster Aitken's courageous departure from piano program precedents in a series of Schubert sonatas at the New School for Social Research (January 25, February 1, 8, and 15). . . . Shostakovitch's piano concerto played by Milton Kaye with the N. Y. Civic Orchestra under Plotnikoff (W.P.A. Federal Music Theater, February 6) and the fine Bach program by Harry Cumpson and Lehman Engel's Madrigal Singers (same theater, February 2). . . .An announcement of four Bach Cantatas, Nos. 48, 64, 67, 106, to be given by the Cantata Singers and Chamber Orchestra under Arthur Mendel (All Souls Unitarian Church, February 13). . . . WQXR's nightly Book of the Month programs and its new series of traditional and modern Jewish music with the coöperation of Mailamm, the American Palestine Music Association (Saturdays, 6 p.m.). . . .

And finally a book on music to be put beside Morris's *Contrapuntal Technique:* the new volume, *Vocal Music,* in Donald Tovey's great series, *Essays in Musical Analysis* (Oxford University Press, $4.) Not for casual reading, but one of the very few books on music that open one's horizons and add immeasurably to one's knowledge and sensibility.

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Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Standard but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Current Questions Before Congress. A senator discusses current problems before the Senate, Fri., Feb. 18, 3:30 p.m., and a representative those before the House, Tues., Feb. 22, 4:45 p.m., C.B.S.

"Lohengrin." Wagner's opera broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House, with Flagstad and Melchior, Sat., Feb. 19, 1:40 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Modern Age Books. Little Caesar and *The Leavenworth Case* dramatized, Sat., Feb. 19, 9:30 p.m.; *U. S. 1* and *Lighthouse,* Sat., Feb. 26, same time, WABC.

Arturo Toscanini. The maestro directs the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Sat., Feb. 19, 10 p.m., N.B.C. red and blue.

League of American Composers. Works of modern young composers, Mon., Feb. 21, 3 p.m., C.B.S.

Campus Comment. Students discuss campus and public problems, Tues., Feb. 22, 11:15 a.m., N.B.C. blue.

Mother Bloor. Ella Reeve Bloor, Betty Gram Swing, and Muriel Draper will speak on security for women, Thurs., Feb. 24, 2:15 p.m., N.BC. blue.

Town Meeting of the Air. Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney and James H. R. Cromwell will talk on "Should Interstate Commerce Receive Their Power from Congress?" Thurs., Feb. 24, 9:30 p.m., NB.C. blue.

Women Today. "The Role of Women in the Modern State" will be discussed by Lady Astor from Plymouth, Eng., Mme. Olivia Rosetti Agresti from Rome, Mrs. Halvdan Koht, wife of the Norwegian Minister of Foreign Affairs, from Oslo Dr. Renee Girod, authority on international questions, and Mrs. Roosevelt from Washington, Fri., Feb. 25, 3 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Stewart McDonald. The National Housing Administrator will talk on national housing amendments, Mon., Feb. 28, 7:30 p.m., N.B.C. red.

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FIFTY-DOLLAR PRIZE ($50) at Big Apple Contest at Scottsboro Defense Ball, Feb. 25, Savoy Ballroom. See ad on page 30.

BOSTON DANCE RECITAL by BLANCHE EVAN. Fri. eve., Feb. 25, 8:30 p.m. Eliz. Peabody Playhouse, 357 Charles St. Tickets 40c, 55c, 83c at Filene's Prog. Bookshop, 8 Beach St. & Holyoke Bookshop, 19 Dunster St., Cambridge. Aus.: Contemporary Dance Group.

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK every Sun. night, 8:30 p. m. Workers School, 2nd floor. 35 East 12th Street. Admission, 20c.

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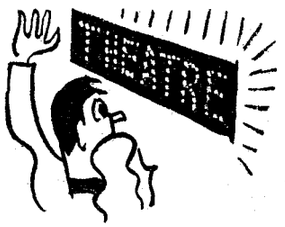

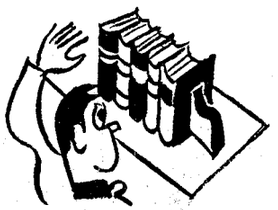

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